PURGATORY

THE DIVINE COMEDY

OF

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

TRANSLATED BY

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

REVISED EDITION.

II.

PURGATORY.

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PURGATORY

CANTO I

The new theme. — Invocation of the Muses. — Dawn of Easter on the shore of Purgatory. — The Four Stars. — Cato. — The cleansing of Dante from the stains of Hell.

To run over better waters the little vessel of my genius now hoists her sails, as she leaves behind her a sea so cruel; and I will sing of that second realm where the human spirit is purified, and becomes worthy to ascend to heaven.

But here let dead poesy rise again, O holy Muses, since I am yours, and here let Calliope somewhat mount up, accompanying my song with that sound of which the wretched Picae felt the stroke such that they despaired of pardon.[1]

A sweet color of oriental sapphire, which was gathering in the serene aspect of the mid sky, pure even to the first circle,[2] renewed delight to

1. v. 12. The nine daughters of Pieros, king of Emathia, who, contending in song with the Muses, were for their presumption changed to magpies.

2. v. 15. "The first circle" is the horizon, to which the clear blue sky extended, its color undimmed by earthly vapors.

my eyes, soon as I issued forth from the dead air which had afflicted my eyes and my breast. The fair planet which incites to love was making all the Orient to smile, veiling the Fishes that were in her train.[3] I turned me to the right hand, and gave heed to the other pole, and saw four stars, never seen save by the first people.[4] The heavens appeared to rejoice in their flamelets. O widowed northern region, since thou art deprived of beholding these![5]

When I had withdrawn from regarding them, turning me a little to the other pole,[6] there whence the Wain had already disappeared, I saw close to me an old man alone, in aspect worthy of so much reverence that no son owes more to his father.[7] He wore his beard long

3. v. 21. At the spring equinox Venus is in the sign of the Pisces, which immediately precedes that of Aries, in which is the Sun. The time indicated is therefore an hour or more before sunrise on Easter morning, April 10.

4. v. 24. Purgatory is in the southern hemisphere, and "the other" is the South pole. The four stars are the symbols of the cardinal virtues, — Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice, — the virtues of active life, sufficient to guide men in the right path, but not to bring them to Paradise. These stars had been visible only in the golden age.

5. v. 27. Allegorically interpreted, these words signify that the virtues of which these stars are the symbols are little practised by mankind, whose abode is the northern hemisphere.

6. v. 29. The North pole.

7. v. 33. This old man, as soon appears, is the younger

and mingled with white hair, like his locks, of which a double list fell upon his breast. The rays of the four holy stars so adorned his face with light, that I saw him, as though the sun had been in front.

"Who are ye that, counter to the blind stream, have fled from the eternal prison?"

Cato, and the office here given to him of warden of the souls in the outer region of Purgatory was suggested by the position assigned to him by Virgil in the *Aeneid* (viii. 670).

"Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem."
"And far apart the good, and Cato giving them their laws."

It has been objected to Virgil's thus putting him in Elysium, that, as a suicide, his place was in the Mourning Fields. A similar objection may be made to Dante's separating him from the other suicides in the seventh circle of Hell (Canto xiii.). "But," says Conington, "Virgil did not aim at perfect consistency. It was enough for him that Cato was one who from his character in life might be justly conceived of as lawgiver to the dead." So Dante, using Cato as an allegoric figure, regards him as one who, before the coming of Christ, practised the virtues which are required to liberate the soul from sin, and who, as he says in the *De Monarchia* (ii. 5), "that he might kindle the love of liberty in the world, showed how precious it was, by preferring death with liberty to life without it." This liberty is the type of that spiritual freedom which Dante is seeking, and which, being the perfect conformity of the human will to the will of God, is the aim and fruition of all redeemed souls. In the region of Purgatory outside the gate, the souls have not yet attained this freedom; they are on the way to it, and Cato is allegorically fit to warn and spur them on.

said he, moving those venerable plumes. "Who has guided you? Or who was a lamp to you, issuing forth from the deep night which ever makes the infernal valley black? Are the laws of the abyss thus broken? or is a new design changed in heaven that, being damned, ye come to my rocks?"

My Leader then took hold of me, and with words, and with hands, and with signs, controlled to reverence my knees and brow. Then he answered him: "Of myself I came not; a Lady descended from Heaven, by reason of whose prayers I succored this man with my company. But since it is thy will that more of our condition be unfolded to thee, how it truly is, mine cannot be that this be denied to thee. This man has not yet seen his last evening, but through his folly was so near thereto that there was very little time to turn. Even as I have said, I was sent to him to rescue him, and there was no other way than this, along which I have set myself. I have shown to him all the guilty people; and now I intend to show him those spirits that purge themselves under thy ward. How I have brought him, it would be long to tell thee; from on high descends power which aids me to lead him to see thee and to hear thee. Now may it please thee to look graciously upon his coming. He goes seeking

liberty,[8] which is so dear, as he knows who for it renounces life. This thou knowest; for death for its sake was not bitter to thee in Utica, where thou didst leave the vesture which on the great day shall be so bright.[9] The eternal edicts are not violated by us, for this one is alive, and Minos does not bind me; but I am of the circle where are the chaste eyes of thy Marcia, who in her look still prays thee, O holy breast, that for thine own thou hold her. For her love, then, incline thyself to us; allow us to go on through thy seven realms:[10] I will report this grace from thee to her, if thou deignest to be mentioned there below."

"Marcia so pleased my eyes while I was on earth," said he then, "that whatsoever grace she wished from me, I did; now that she dwells on the other side of the evil stream,[11] she can move me no more, by that law which was made when thence I issued forth.[12] But if a Lady of

8. v. 71. "The glorious liberty of the children of God." *Romans* viii. 21. See the last words of Virgil to Dante, at the end of Canto xxvii., especially verse 140.

9. v. 75. The garment of the body. The words are interesting as indicating Dante's conviction that Cato, a heathen, is at the Last Judgment to be among the blessed.

10. v. 82. The seven circles of Purgatory.

11. v. 88. The Acheron.

12. v. 90. The law that as one of the redeemed he cannot be touched by other than heavenly affections.

Heaven move and direct thee, as thou sayest, there is no need of flatteries; it may well suffice thee that thou ask me for her sake. Go then, and see thou gird this one with a smooth rush, and that thou wash his face so that thou cleanse it from all stain, for it were not befitting to go with eye dimmed by any cloud before the first minister that is of those of Paradise.[13] This little island, round about at its very base, down there yonder where the wave beats it, bears rushes upon its soft ooze. No plant of other kind, that puts forth leaf or grows hard, can there have life, because it yields not to the shocks.[14] Thereafter let not your return be this way; the Sun, which now is rising, will show you how to take the mountain by easier ascent."

On this he disappeared, and I rose up, without speaking, and drew me quite close to my Leader, and bent my eyes on him. He began: "Son, follow my steps; let us turn back, for from here this plain slopes to its low bounds."

The dawn was vanquishing the matin hour, which was flying before it, so that from afar I discerned the trembling of the sea. We went

13. v. 99. The first of the angels who do service in Purgatory.

14. v. 105. Of the waves beating on the shore.

along over the solitary plain like a man who turns to the road which he has lost, and, till he find it, seems to himself to go in vain. When we were where the dew contends with the sun, and, through being in a place where there is shade, is little dispersed, my Master softly placed both his hands outspread upon the grass; whereon I, who was aware of his intent, stretched toward him my tearful cheeks: then he wholly uncovered on me that color which hell had concealed.[15]

We came, then, to the desert shore which never saw man navigate its waters who afterwards had experience of return. Here he girt me, even as pleased the other.[16] O marvel! that such as he culled the humble plant, such it instantly sprang up again there whence he had plucked it.[17]

15. v. 129. Color which Hell had hidden with its smoke and foul exhalations. Allegorically, when the soul enters upon the way of purification, Reason, with the dew of repentance, washes off the stain of sin, and girds the spirit with humility.

16. v. 133. Cato.

17. v. 136. The goods of the spirit are not diminished by appropriation.

CANTO II

Sunrise. — The Poets on the shore. — Coming of a boat, guided by an angel, bearing souls to Purgatory. — Their landing. — Casella and his song. — Cato hurries the souls to the mountain.

The sun had now reached the horizon whose meridian circle covers Jerusalem with its highest point; and the night which circles opposite to him was issuing forth from the Ganges with the Scales which fall from her hand when she exceeds;[1] so that where I was the white and red cheeks of the beautiful Aurora were becoming orange through too much age.

We were still alongside the sea, like folk who are thinking of their road, who go in heart and

1. v. 6. Purgatory and Jerusalem are antipodal, and the Ganges or India was arbitrarily assumed to be their common horizon, the Western horizon to the one, the Eastern to the other. The night is here taken as the point of the Heavens opposite the sun, and the sun being in Aries, the night is in Libra. When night exceeds, that is, at the autumnal equinox, when the night becomes longer than the day, the sun enters Libra, which may therefore be said to drop from the hand of night.

in body linger; and lo! as, at approach of the morning, Mars glows ruddy through the dense vapors, down in the west above the ocean floor, such appeared to me, — so may I again behold it! — a light along the sea coming so swiftly that no flight equals its motion. From which when I had a little withdrawn my eye to ask my Leader, again I saw it, brighter become and larger. Then on each side of it appeared to me a something, I knew not what, white, and beneath, little by little, another came forth from it.[2] My Master still said not a word, until the first white things appeared as wings; then, when he clearly recognized the pilot, he cried out: "Mind, mind thou bend thy knees: Lo! the Angel of God: fold thy hands: henceforth shalt thou see such officials. See how he scorns human instruments, so that he wills not oar, or other sail than his own wings, between such distant shores. See, how he holds them straight toward heaven, stirring the air with his eternal feathers, which are not changed like mortal hair."

Then, as the Bird Divine came more and more toward us, the brighter he appeared; so that my eye endured him not near by, but I bent it down: and he came on to the shore

2. v. 24. This other white thing was the boat on which stood the glowing angel with his white wings.

with a little vessel, swift and light, so that the water swallowed naught of it. At the stern stood the Celestial Pilot, such that he seemed inscribed among the blest;[3] and more than a hundred spirits sat within. "*In exitu Israel de Egypto*"[4] they all were singing together with one voice, with whatso of that psalm is after

3. v. 44. Literally, "blessed by inscription;" possibly the meaning is, "that blessedness seemed written on his countenance."

4. v. 46. In his letter to Can Grande in exposition of the plan and method of the *Divine Comedy*, Dante says that his poem has many senses, the first being its literal sense, the second its allegorical or mystical sense, under which he includes, besides the allegorical proper, the moral and the anagogical or spiritual sense. And for illustration of the matter, he takes the beginning of the psalm here sung by the spirits as they approach Purgatory. The psalm is the one hundred and thirteenth of the Vulgate, the one hundred and fourteenth of the English version. "When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language, Judah was his sanctuary and Israel his dominion." "Now," says Dante, "if we regard the letter alone, it signifies the going out from Egypt of the children of Israel in the time of Moses; if the allegory, it signifies our redemption by Christ; if the moral meaning, it signifies the conversion of the soul from the grief and misery of sin to the state of grace; if the anagogical, it signifies the departure of the holy soul from the servitude of this corruption to the freedom of eternal glory." § 7.

This passage not only shows the significance of the psalm as sung by the spirits, but also affords light as to the mode in which the poem should throughout be read and interpreted.

written. Then he made them the sign of the Holy Cross; whereon they all threw themselves upon the strand; and he went away swift as he had come.

The crowd which remained there seemed strange to the place, gazing round about, like one who makes essay of new things. The Sun, who with his bright arrows had chased the Capricorn from mid-heaven,[5] was shooting forth the day on every side, when the new people raised their brows toward us, saying to us: "If ye know, show us the way to go to the mountain." And Virgil answered: "Ye perhaps believe that we are experienced of this place, but we are pilgrims, even as ye are. We came just now, a little while before you, by another way, which was so rough and difficult that the ascent henceforth will seem play to us."

The souls, who by my breathing had become aware that I was still alive, marvelling, became deadly pale. And as to hear news the folk press to a messenger who bears an olive branch,[6] and no one shows himself shy of crowding, so

5. v. 57. When Aries, in which the sun was rising, is on the horizon, Capricorn is at the zenith.

6. v. 70. It was an old custom, which lasted till the sixteenth century, for messengers, bearing news of victory or of peace, to carry an olive-branch in their hand as a sign of good tidings.

all of those fortunate souls fastened themselves on my countenance, as if forgetting to go to make themselves fair.

I saw one of them drawing forward to embrace me with so great affection, that it moved me to do the like. O shades, empty save in aspect! Three times I clasped my hands behind it, and as often returned with them unto my breast. With wonder, I believe, I painted me; whereat the shade smiled and drew back, and I, following it, pressed forward. Gently it said, that I should pause; then I knew who it was, and I prayed it that it would stay to speak with me a little. It replied to me: "Even as I loved thee in the mortal body, so loosed from it I love thee; therefore I stay; but wherefore art thou going?"

"My Casella,[7] in order to return another time to this place where I am, do I make this journey," said I, "but from thee how has so much time been taken?"[8]

7. v. 91. The only fact known in regard to Casella, beyond what is implied in Dante's affectionate record of their meeting, is learned from a record preserved in the *Archivio di Stato* at Siena, which runs: "1282, July 13. Fine paid by the musician Casella, for having been found wandering at night through the city," and, presumably, disturbing its sleepy inhabitants with his songs. What a fancy-touching glimpse of the past! See the *Giornale Dantesco*, i. 31.

8. v. 93. "How has thy coming hither been delayed so long since thy death?"

And he to me: "No wrong has been done me if he who[9] takes both when and whom it pleases him has many times denied to me this passage; for of a just will[10] his own is made. For three months, indeed, he has taken with all peace whoso has wished to enter. Wherefore I, who had now turned to the seashore where the water of Tiber becomes salt, was benignantly received by him.[11] To that outlet has he now directed his wing, because always those assemble there who towards Acheron do not descend."

And I: "If a new law take not from thee memory or practice of the song of love which was wont to quiet all my longings, may it please thee therewith somewhat to comfort my soul, which coming hither with its body is so wearied."

"*Love which in my mind discourses with me*,"[12]

9. v. 95. The Celestial Pilot.

10. v. 97. That is, of the Divine Will; but there is no explanation of the motive of the delay.

11. v. 102. The Tiber is the local symbol of the Church of Rome, from whose bosom those who die at peace with her pass to Purgatory. The Jubilee, proclaimed by Boniface VIII., had begun at Christmas, 1289, so that for three months now the Celestial Pilot had received graciously all who had taken advantage of it to gain remission of their sins.

12. v. 112. The first verse of a *canzone* by Dante; it is the second of those upon which he comments in his *Convito*.

he then began so sweetly, that the sweetness still within me sounds.[13] My Master, and I, and that folk who were with him, appeared so content as if naught else could touch the mind of any.

We were all fast and attentive to his notes; and lo! the venerable old man crying: "What is this, ye laggard spirits? What negligence, what stay is this? Run to the mountain to strip off the slough which lets not God be manifest to you."

As, when picking up grain or tares, the doves assembled at their feeding, quiet, without display of their wonted pride, if aught appear of which they are afraid, suddenly let the food alone, because they are assailed by a greater care, so I saw that fresh troop leave the song, and go towards the hillside, like one that goes, but knows not where he may come out: nor was our departure less speedy.

13. v. 114. Every English reader recalls Milton's Sonnet to Mr. Henry Lawes: —

> "Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
> Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
> Met in the milder shades of Purgatory."

CANTO III

Ante-Purgatory. — Souls of those who have died in contumacy of the Church. — Manfred.

Although the sudden flight had scattered them over the plain, turned to the mount whereto reason spurs us, I drew up close to my trusty companion. And how should I have run without him? Who would have led me up over the mountain? He seemed to me of his own self remorseful. O conscience, upright and stainless, how bitter a sting to thee is little fault!

When his feet left the haste which mars the dignity of every act, my mind, which at first had been restrained, let loose its attention, as though eager, and I set my face against the hill which rises highest towards heaven from the sea. The sun, which behind was flaming ruddy, was broken in front of me by the figure which the staying of its rays upon me formed. When I saw the ground darkened only in front of me,[1] I turned me to one side with fear of

1. v. 21. Dante till now has not observed that the spirits cast no shadow.

having been abandoned: and my Comfort, turning wholly round to me, began to say: "Why dost thou still distrust? Dost thou not believe me with thee, and that I guide thee? It is already evening there where the body is buried within which I cast a shadow; Naples holds it, and from Brundusium it was taken: if in front of me there is no shadow now, marvel not more than at the heavens, of which the one obstructs not the other's radiance.[2] The Power, which wills not that how it acts be revealed to us, disposes bodies like this to suffer torments both of heat and cold. Mad is he who hopes that our reason can traverse the infinite way which One Substance in Three Persons holds. Be content, O human race, with the *quia*;[3] for if ye had been able to see everything, there had been no need for Mary to bear child: and ye have seen desiring fruitlessly men such that their desire would have been quieted,[4]

2. v. 30. The nine concentric heavens are transparent, so that the radiance from one passes unobstructed through the others.

3. v. 37. *Quia* is used here, as often in mediaeval Latin, for *quod*. The meaning is, Be content to know that the thing is, seek not to know *why* or *how* — *propter quid* — it is as it is.

4. v. 41. If mere human wisdom sufficed for attaining to the knowledge of the things of God, the desires of the heathen sages, whom Dante saw in Limbo, would have been satisfied.

which is given them eternally for a grief. I speak of Aristotle and of Plato, and of many others." And here he bowed his front, and said no more, and remained disturbed.

We had come, meanwhile, to the foot of the mountain; here we found the cliff so steep, that the legs would there be nimble in vain. Between Lerici and Turbìa [5] the most deserted, the most secluded path is a stairway easy and open, compared with that. "Now who knows on which hand the hillside slopes," said my Master, staying his step, "so that one who goes without wings may ascend?"

And while he was holding his face bent down, and was questioning his mind about the road, and I was looking up round about the rock, a company of souls appeared to me on the left hand, who were moving their feet towards us, and seemed not doing so, so slowly were they coming. "Lift," said I, "Master, thine eyes; behold on this side those who will give us counsel, if of thyself thou canst not have it." He looked at them, and with a relieved air replied: "Let us go thither, for they come slowly, and do thou confirm thy hope, sweet son."

5. v. 49. Lerici, on the Gulf of Spezzia, and Turbìa, just above Monaco, are at the two ends of the Riviera; between them the mountains rise steeply from the shore, along which in Dante's time there was no road.

That people was still as far, — I mean after a thousand steps of ours, — as a good thrower would cast with his hand, when they all pressed up to the hard masses of the high bank, and stood still and close, as one who goes in doubt stops to look.[6] "O ye who have made good ends, O spirits already elect," Virgil began, "by that peace which, I believe, is awaited by you all, tell us, where the mountain lies so that the going up is possible; for to lose time is most displeasing to him who knows most."

As the sheep come forth from the fold by ones, and twos, and threes, and the others stand timid, holding eye and muzzle to the ground; and what the first does the others also do, huddling themselves to it if it stop, silly and quiet, and wherefore know not; so I then saw the head of that fortunate flock moving to approach, modest in countenance and dignified in gait.

When those in front saw the light broken on the ground at my right side, so that the shadow was cast by me on the rock, they stopped, and drew somewhat back; and all the rest who were coming behind did the like, not knowing why.

6. v. 72. They stopped, surprised, at seeing Virgil and Dante advancing to the left, against the rule in Purgatory, where the course is always to the right, symbolizing progress in good. In Hell the contrary rule holds.

"Without your asking, I confess to you that this is a human body which ye see, whereby the light of the sun on the ground is cleft. Marvel not, but believe that not without power which comes from heaven does he seek to surmount this wall." Thus the Master: and that worthy people said: "Turn, proceed before us, then;" with the backs of their hands making sign. And one of them began: "Whoever thou art, turn thy face as thou thus goest on; consider whether in the world thou didst ever see me?" I turned me toward him, and looked at him fixedly: blond was he, and beautiful, and of gentle aspect, but a blow had divided one of his eyebrows.

When I had humbly disclaimed having ever seen him, he said: "Now look!" and showed me a wound high upon his breast. Then he said, smiling; "I am Manfred,[7] grandson of the Empress Constance: wherefore I pray thee,

7. v. 112. The natural son of the Emperor Frederick II. He was born about 1231; in 1258 he was crowned King of Sicily. The Papacy was hostile to him as it had been to his father, and Pope Urban IV. and his successor Clement IV. offered the throne of Sicily to Charles of Anjou, the brother of St. Louis. In 1265 Charles came with a large force to Italy. He was crowned King of Sicily at Rome, he then advanced toward Naples, and in February, 1265/6, routed the forces of Manfred at Benevento. Manfred himself was slain in the battle.

that when thou returnest, thou go to my beautiful daughter,[8] mother of the honor of Sicily and of Aragon, and tell to her the truth[9] if aught else be told. After I had my body broken by two mortal stabs, I rendered myself, weeping, to Him who pardons willingly. My sins were horrible, but the Infinite Goodness has such wide arms that it takes whatever turns to it. If the Pastor of Cosenza,[10] who was set on the hunt of me by Clement, had then rightly read this page[11] in God, the bones of my body would still be at the head of the bridge near Benevento, under the protection of the heavy

8. v. 115. Constance, the daughter of Manfred, was married in 1262 to Peter III. of Aragon. She had three sons, Alphonso, James, and Frederick. Alphonso succeeded his father in Aragon, and James in Sicily, but after the death of Alphonso, in 1291, James became King of Aragon, and Frederick King of Sicily. Dante himself thought ill of James and Frederick (see Canto vii., 119–120); and the phrase concerning them used by Manfred is to be interpreted as referring merely to their regal dignity.

9. v. 117. That, though I died excommunicated, I am not among the lost souls.

10. v. 124. The Archbishop of Cosenza, at command of the Pope, Clement IV., took the body of Manfred from his grave near Benevento, and threw it unburied, as the corpse of one excommunicated, on the bank of the Verde.

11. v. 126. Had he so read the word and the works of God which reveal His infinite mercy, as rightly to comprehend them.

cairn. Now the rain bathes them, and the wind moves them forth from the kingdom, hard by the Verde,[12] whither he transported them with extinguished light.[13] By their malediction [14] one is not so lost that the Eternal Love cannot return, while hope has speck of green.[15] True is it, that whoso dies in contumacy of Holy Church, though he repent him at the end, needs must stay outside,[16] upon this bank, thirtyfold the whole time that he has been in his presumption,[17] if such decree become not shortened through good prayers. See if hereafter thou canst make me glad,[18] revealing to my good Constance how thou hast seen me, and also this

12. v. 131. By the Verde Dante seems to intend the river now known as the Garigliano, which, for part of its course, formed the boundary of the States of the Church and the Kingdom of Naples.

13. v. 132. Not with candles burning, as in proper funeral rites.

14. v. 133. That is, of Pope or Bishop.

15. v. 135. While life lasts and man may hope by repentance, however late, to obtain forgiveness of his sins.

16. v. 138. Outside the gate of Purgatory.

17. v. 140. This notion of a period of exclusion from Purgatory proper for those who have died in contumacy of Holy Church seems to be original with Dante. The power of the prayers of the good on earth to shorten the period of suffering of the souls in Purgatory is, however, the accepted doctrine of the Church.

18. v. 142. By securing for me the prayers of the good.

prohibition;[19] for here by means of those on earth much may be gained."[20]

19. v. 144. The prohibition of entering within Purgatory proper.

20. v. 145. In what measure the dead may receive assistance from the living is set forth by St. Thomas Aquinas (*S. T. Suppl.* lxiii. 2).

CANTO IV

Ante-Purgatory. — Ascent to a shelf of the mountain. — The negligent, who postponed repentance to the last hour. — Belacqua.

When by reason of delights, or of pains which any capacity of ours may experience, the soul is wholly engaged by it, to any other faculty it seems no further to give heed: and this is counter to the error which believes that one soul above another is kindled within us.[1] And therefore, when a thing is heard or seen which may hold the soul intently turned to it, the time goes by, and the man perceives it not: for one faculty is that which listens, and another is that which keeps the soul entire; the latter is as it were bound, and the former is loose.

1. v. 6. When the soul is wholly engrossed by what appeals to one of its powers, it pays no attention to what addresses its other faculties; in other words, when one faculty is called into free activity, the other faculties of the soul are, as it were, bound in inaction; but were it true that, as according to the Platonists, there were more than one soul in man, he might give attention to two things at once. Dante derives his argument from St. Thomas Aquinas (*S. T.* i. 76. 3).

Of this I had true experience, hearing that spirit and wondering: for full fifty degrees had the sun ascended,[2] and I was not aware of it, when we came where those souls with one accord cried out to us: "Here is what you ask."

The man of the farm, when the grape is growing dark,[3] often hedges up a larger opening with a forkful of his thorns, than was the passage from which my Leader and I behind him ascended alone, when the troop departed from us. One goes to Sanleo, and descends to Noli, one mounts up Bismantova[4] to its summit, with only feet; but here it behoves that one fly, I mean with the swift wings and with the feathers of great desire, behind that guide who gave me hope and made a light for me. We ascended through the cleft rock, and on each side the wall pressed close on us, and the ground beneath required both feet and hands.

When we were upon the upper edge of the high bank, on the open hillside: "My Master," said I, "what way shall we take?" And he to me: "Let no step of thine fall back, always win up behind me on the mountain, till some sage guide appear for us."

2. v. 15. It was now about nine o'clock A. M.
3. v. 21. At the time of vintage.
4. v. 26. These all are places difficult of access.

The summit was so high that it surpassed the sight; and the mountain-side far steeper than a line from the mid quadrant to the centre.[5] I was weary, when I began: "O sweet Father, turn and regard how I remain alone if thou stay not." "My son," said he, "far as here drag thyself on," pointing out to me a ledge a little above, which on that side circles all the hill. His words so spurred me, that I forced myself on, scrambling after him, until the belt[6] was beneath my feet. There we both sat down, turning toward the east, whence we had ascended, for to look back is wont to encourage a man. I first turned my eyes to the low shores, then I raised them to the sun, and wondered that we were struck by it on the left. The Poet well perceived that I was all bewildered at the chariot of the light, where it was entering[7] between us and Aquilo. Wherefore he to me: "If Castor and Pollux were in company with that mirror[8] which sheds its light up and down, thou wouldst see the Zodiac revolv-

5. v. 42. A steeper inclination than that of an angle of forty-five degrees.

6. v. 51. The encircling ledge.

7. v. 60. Dante having his face turned toward the East was bewildered at seeing the sun on his left hand. Aquilo, the north wind, is put for the North.

8. v. 62. The brightness of the sun is the reflection of the Divine light.

ing ruddy still closer to the Bears, if it went not out of its old road.[9] How this can be, if thou wishest to be able to conceive, with collected thought imagine Zion and this mountain to stand upon the earth so that both have one sole horizon and different hemispheres; then thou wilt see, if thy intelligence right clearly heed, how the road which Phaëthon, to his harm, knew not how to drive,[10] must needs pass this mountain on the one side, and that[11] on the other." "Surely, my Master," said I, "I never saw so clearly as I now discern, there where my wit seemed deficient, that the midcircle of the supernal motion, which in a certain art[12] is called Equator, and which always remains between the sun and the winter, is distant, for the reason that thou tellest, as far from here toward the north, as the Hebrews saw it toward the warm region.

9. v. 66. If the sun were in the sign of the Gemini, — Castor and Pollux, — which is nearer the constellations of the Bears than Aries, in which the sun now is, it would make the Zodiac ruddy still farther to the north. In Purgatory the sun being seen from south of the equator is on the left hand, while at Jerusalem, its antipodes in the northern hemisphere, it is seen on the right.

10. v. 72. This road is the Ecliptic, the great circle of the Heavens round which the sun seems to travel in his annual course.

11. v. 74. Mount Zion.

12. v. 80. Astronomy.

But, if it please thee, willingly would I know how far we have to go, for the hill rises higher than my eyes are able." And he to me: "This mountain is such, that ever at the beginning below it is hard, and the more one goes up, behold! the less it troubles him; therefore when it shall seem to thee so pleasant, that the going up will be easy to thee as going down the current in a vessel, then wilt thou be at the end of this path; there mayst thou expect repose from toil: more I answer not, and this I know for true."

And as he ended his words, a voice near by sounded: "Perchance before then thou wilt be constrained to sit." At the sound of it each of us turned, and we saw at the left a great stone, of which neither he nor I had taken note before. Thither we drew; and there were persons who were reposing in the shadow behind the rock, as one through indolence sets himself to repose. And one of them, who seemed to me weary, was seated, and was clasping his knees, holding his face down low between them. "O sweet my Lord," said I, "look at him, who shows himself more indolent than if sloth were his sister." Then that one turned to us and gave heed, moving his look only up along his thigh, and said: "Now go thou up, for thou art valiant." I recognized then who he was, and that effort [13]

13. v. 115. The effort of climbing up to the ledge.

which was still quickening my breath a little, did not hinder my going to him, and after I had reached him, he scarcely raised his head, saying: "Hast thou clearly seen how the sun drives his chariot over thy left shoulder?"

His lazy acts and his short words moved my lips a little to a smile; then I began: "Belacqua,[14] henceforth I grieve not for thee,[15] but tell me why thou art seated here? dost thou await a guide, or has only thy wonted mood recaptured thee?" And he: "Brother, what avails the going up? For the bird of God that sits at the gate would not let me go to the torments.[16] It behoves that heaven first circle around me outside the gate, as long as it did in life, because I delayed my good sighs[17] until the end; unless, before then, the prayer assist me which rises from a heart that lives in grace:

14. v. 123. Belacqua, according to Benvenuto da Imola, was a Florentine, a maker of citherns and other musical instruments; he carved with great care the necks and heads of his citherns, and sometimes he played on them. Dante, because of his love of music, had been well acquainted with him.

15. v. 124. A humorous suggestion that he had feared lest Belacqua might be in Hell.

16. v. 128. The angel who sits as porter at the gate of Purgatory would not allow him yet to enter to endure the torments by which his sins were to be purged away.

17. v. 132. Sighs of contrition and repentance.

what avails the other, which is not heard in heaven?"

And already the Poet was mounting up before me, and was saying: "Come on now: thou seest that the meridian is touched by the sun, and on the shore the night now covers Morocco with her foot." [18]

18. v. 139. Morocco is here taken for the western verge of our hemisphere, ninety degrees from Jerusalem on the one hand, and from Purgatory on the other. At noon in Purgatory, it would be nightfall in Morocco.

CANTO V

Ante-Purgatory. — Spirits who had delayed repentance, and met with death by violence, but died repentant. — Jacopo del Cassero. — Buonconte da Montefeltro. — Pia de' Tolomei.

I HAD now parted from those shades, and was following the footsteps of my Leader, when behind me one, pointing his finger, cried out: "Look how the ray seems not to shine on the left hand of that lower one, and he seems to bear himself as if alive." I turned my eyes at the sound of these words, and I saw them watching, for marvel, only me, only me, and the light which was broken.

"Why is thy mind so caught," said the Master, "that thou slackenest thy going? What matters to thee that which is whispered here? Come on after me, and let the people talk. Stand like a firm tower that never wags its top for blowing of the winds: for always the man in whom thought on thought wells up removes from himself his mark, because one weakens the force of the other." [1] What could I

1. v. 18. Dante has allowed the talk of the spirits con-

answer, save: "I come"? I said it, overspread somewhat with the color, which, at times, makes a man worthy of pardon.

And therewhile, across upon the mountain-side, a little in front of us, were coming people, singing "*Miserere*,"[2] verse by verse. When they observed that I gave no place for passage of the rays through my body, they changed their song into a long and hoarse Oh! and two of them, in form of messengers, ran to meet us, and asked of us: "Make us acquainted with your condition." And my Master: "Ye can go back, and report to those who sent you, that the body of this one is true flesh. If, as I suppose, they stopped because of seeing his shadow, enough is answered them: let them do him honor and it may profit them."[3]

Never did I see enkindled vapors at early night so swiftly cleave the clear sky, or the clouds of August at set of sun,[4] that these did

cerning him so to engage his attention that, forgetting his main object, the ascent of the mountain, he has slackened his pace, and needs to be recalled to duty.

2. v. 24. The fiftieth Psalm in the Vulgate, the fifty-first in our English version, which begins, "Have mercy upon me, O God."

3. v. 36. Since Dante may secure for them the prayers of the good on his return to earth.

4. v. 39. The shooting stars in a clear sky, or the lightning in the clouds of August.

not return up in less time; and, arrived there, they with the others wheeled round toward us, like a troop that runs without curb. "These folk that press to us are many, and they come to pray thee," said the Poet; "yet do thou still go on, and in going listen." "O soul," they came crying, "that with those limbs with which thou wast born art on thy way to be glad, a little stay thy step. Look if thou hast ever seen any one of us, so that thou mayst carry news of him to earth. Pray, why dost thou go on? Pray, why dost thou not stop? We all of old were slain by violence, and sinners up to the last hour; then light from Heaven made us mindful, so that both penitent and pardoning we issued forth from life at peace with God, who fills our hearts with the desire of seeing Him." And I: "Although I gaze upon your faces, I recognize no one; but if aught that I can do be pleasing to you, spirits well-born,[5] speak ye, and I will do it by that peace which makes me, following the feet of such a guide, seek it from world to world." And one began: "Each of us trusts in thy good service, without thy swearing it, provided that want of power cut not off the will; wherefore I, who speak alone before the others, pray thee, if ever thou see that land

5. v. 60. Elect from birth to the joys of Paradise, in contrast with the ill-born, damned in Hell.

which lies between Romagna and the land of Charles,[6] that thou be courteous to me with thy prayers in Fano, so that supplication may be well made in my behalf, that I may be able to purge away my grave offenses. Of that place was I; but the deep wounds, wherefrom issued the blood in which I had my seat,[7] were dealt me in the bosom of the Antenori,[8] there where I thought to be most secure; he of Este had it done, who held me in wrath far beyond what justice willed. But if, when I was overtaken at Oriaco, I had fled toward La Mira,[9] I should still be yonder where men breathe. I ran to the marsh, and the reeds and the mire ham-

6. v. 69. The March of Ancona, between the Romagna and the kingdom of Naples, then held by Charles II. King of Naples and Count of Anjou. It is Jacopo del Cassero who speaks. He was a noted and valiant member of the leading Guelf family in Fano. On his way to take the place of Podestà of Milan, in 1298, he was assassinated by the minions of Azzo VIII. of Este, whose enmity he had incurred.

7. v. 74. "The life of all flesh is the blood thereof." *Levit.* xvii. 14. Or, according to the Vulgate, "Anima enim omnis carnis in sanguine est."

8. v. 75. That is, in the territory of the Paduans, whose city was reputed to have been founded by Antenor.

9. v. 79. La Mira is a village on the bank of one of the canals of the Brenta between Padua and Venice. Why flight thither would have been safe is mere matter of conjecture. Oriaco, another small town, is not far from it.

pered me so that I fell, and there I saw a lake made by my veins upon the ground."

Then said another: "Ah! so may that desire be fulfilled which draws thee to the high mountain, with good piety do thou help mine. I was of Montefeltro, and am Buonconte.[10] Joan, or any other, has no care for me, wherefore I go among these with downcast front." And I to him: "What violence, or what chance caused thee to stray so far from Campaldino,[11] that thy burial place was never known?" "Oh!" replied he, "at foot of the Casentino[12] crosses a stream, named the Archiano, which rises in the Apennine above the Hermitage.[13] Where its

10. v. 88. Son of Count Guido da Montefeltro, the treacherous counselor who had told his story to Dante in Hell (Canto xxvii.). Joan was the wife of Buonconte.

11. v. 92. The battle of Campaldino, in which, if we may trust a fragment of a letter ascribed to him in Lionardo Bruni's Life of him, Dante himself took part, was fought on the 11th of June, 1289, between the Florentine Guelfs and the Ghibellines of Arezzo. Buonconte was the captain of the Aretines. Campaldino is a little plain in the upper valley of the Arno.

12. v. 94. The Casentino is a "district in Tuscany comprising the upper valley of the Arno, and the slopes of the Etruscan Apennines." The little streams from the hills of the Casentino were in Master Adam's memory in Hell (xx. 65).

13. v. 96. The monastery of Camaldoli, founded by St. Romualdo of Ravenna, in 1012, the earliest house of the

name becomes vain[14] I arrived, pierced in the throat, flying on foot, and bloodying the plain. Here I lost my sight, and I ended my speech with the name of Mary, and here I fell, and my flesh remained alone. I will tell the truth, and do thou repeat it among the living. The Angel of God took me, and he of Hell cried out, 'O thou from Heaven, why dost thou rob me?[15] Thou bearest away for thyself the eternal part of him for one little tear which takes him from me; but of the rest I will make other disposal.' Thou knowest well how in the air that moist vapor is collected which turns to water soon as it rises where the cold condenses it. He[16] joined that evil will, which seeks only evil, with intelligence, and moved the mist and the wind by the power that his nature gave.[17] Then, when the day was spent,

Order of Reformed Benedictines which derives its name from this locality.

14. v. 97. Being lost at its junction with the Arno.

15. v. 105. St. Francis and one of the black Cherubim had had a similar contention, with an opposite result, as will be remembered, over the soul of Buonconte's father (*Hell*, Canto xxvii. 112–120).

16. v. 112. The demon from Hell.

17. v. 114. Material things, according to St. Thomas Aquinas, are subject to spiritual things; hence the angels may give local motion to such things as wind and rain (*S. T.* i. 110. 3). The demons partake this power by their nature

he covered the valley with cloud, from Pratomagno to the great chain,[18] and made the sky above so dense that the pregnant air was turned to water. The rain fell, and what of it the earth did not endure came to the gullies, and as it gathered in great streams it rushed so swiftly towards the royal river that nothing held it back. The robust Archiano found my frozen body near its mouth, and pushed it into the Arno, and loosed on my breast the cross which I made of myself[19] when the pain overcame me. It rolled me along its banks, and along its bottom, then with its spoil[20] it covered and girt me."

"Pray, when thou shalt have returned unto the world, and rested from the long journey," the third spirit followed on the second, "remember me, who am Pia.[21] Siena made me,

as spiritual beings, unless restrained by the Divine will (*Id.* ii.[1] 80. 2).

18. v. 116. Pratomagno is the mountain ridge which forms the western boundary of the Casentino, the upper valley of the Arno; "the great chain" is the main ridge of the Apennines on the opposite side. (Toynbee, *Dante Dictionary*.)

19. v. 127. By folding his arms across his breast.

20. v. 129. The spoil of branches, weeds, gravel, and whatever the swollen river swept along with its rushing stream.

21. v. 133. This sad Pia is supposed to have belonged

Maremma unmade me; he knows it, who, before wedding, had enringed me with his gem."

to the Sienese family of the Tolomei, and to have been the wife of Nello or Paganello de' Pannocchieschi, who was reported to have had her put to death in his stronghold of Pietra in the Tuscan Maremma. Her fate seems the more pitiable that she does not pray Dante to seek for her the prayers of any living person. Her last words are obscure, and are interpreted variously; they may perhaps be intended "to accentuate the fact that Pia was lawfully married, after having received from her husband the ring of betrothal" (Vernon).

CANTO VI

Ante-Purgatory. — More spirits who had deferred repentance till they were overtaken by a violent death. — Efficacy of prayer. — Sordello. — Apostrophe to Italy.

When the game of hazard[1] is broken up, he who loses remains sorrowful, repeating the throws, and, saddened, learns; with the other all the folk go along; one goes before, and one plucks him from behind, and one at his side brings himself to mind: he does not stop, and listens to one and the other; the man to whom he reaches forth his hand presses on him no longer, and thus from the throng he defends himself. Such was I in that dense crowd, turning my face to them this way and that; and, promising, I loosed myself from it.

Here was the Aretine, who from the fierce arms of Ghin di Tacco had his death;[2] and the

1. v. 1. A game played with three dice.

2. v. 14. The Aretine was Messer Benincasa da Laterina, a learned judge, who had condemned to death for their crimes two relatives of Ghin di Tacco, the most famous highwayman of the day, whose headquarters were between Siena and Rome. Some time after, Messer Benincasa sitting as

other who was drowned when running in pursuit.[3] Here Federigo Novello[4] was praying with hands outstretched, and he of Pisa, who made the good Marzucco show himself strong.[5] I saw Count Orso;[6] and the soul divided from

papal auditor in Rome, Ghino entered the city with a band of his followers, made his way to the tribunal, slew Beningasa, and escaped unharmed.

3. v. 15. Another Aretine, of the Tarlati family, concerning whose death the early commentators are at variance. Benvenuto da Imola says that, while pursuing or pursued by his enemies, his horse carried him into the Arno, where he was drowned.

4. v. 17. Frederigo, son of the Count Guido Novello, of whom nothing is known but that he was slain in 1291, near Bibbiena. Benvenuto says, he was *juvenis . . multum probus*, "a very good youth," and therefore Dante mentions him.

5. v. 18. Of "him of Pisa" different stories are told. Benvenuto says, "I have heard from the good Boccaccio, whom I trust more than the others, that Marzucco was a good man of the city of Pisa, who had become a Franciscan friar, whose son was beheaded by order of Count Ugolino, the tyrant, who commanded that his body should remain unburied. At a late hour his father humbly approached the Count, and like a stranger unconcerned in the matter, and without tears or other sign of grief, he said, 'Surely, my lord, it would be proper and to your honor that that poor slain man should be buried, and not left cruelly as food for dogs.' Then the Count, recognizing him, said, astonished, 'Go, for thy patience overcomes my obduracy,' and immediately Marzucco went and buried his son."

6. v. 19. Count Orso, the son of Count Napoleone

its body by spite and by envy, as it said, and not for fault committed, Pierre de la Brosse,[7] I mean; and here let the Lady of Brabant have foresight, while she is on earth, so that for this she be not of the worse flock.

When I was free from each and all those shades who prayed only that someone else should pray, so that their becoming holy may be speeded, I began: "It seems to me, O Light of mine, that thou deniest expressly, in a certain text, that orison can bend decree of Heaven, and these folk pray only for this,'— shall then their hope be vain? or is thy saying not rightly clear to me?"[8]

degli Alberti, was murdered by his cousin, the son of Count Alessandro, who with the Count Napoleone is in the ice of Caina. See *Hell*, Canto xxxii. 55–60. The murder of Count Orso by his cousin was doubtless a sequel of the blood feud of their fathers.

7. v. 22. Pierre de la Brosse was chamberlain and confidant of Philip the Bold of France. He lost the king's favor, and being convicted on charges, the nature of which is variously reported, he was hanged. It was believed that he had incurred the hatred of the Queen, Mary of Brabant, the second wife of Philip, and that his death was brought about by her. She lived till 1321, so that Dante's warning may have reached her ears.

8. v. 33. Virgil represents Palinurus as begging to be allowed to cross the Styx, while his body was still unburied and without due funeral rites. To this petition the Sibyl answers:

"Desine fata Deum flecti sperare precando:"

And he to me: "My writing is plain, and the hope of these is not fallacious, if it be well regarded with sound mind; for top of judgment vails not itself because a fire of love may, in one instant, fulfil that which he who is here installed must satisfy. And there where I affirmed this proposition, defect was not amended by a prayer, because the prayer was disjoined from God.[9] However, in regard to matter of doubt so deep decide thou not, unless she tell it thee, who shall be a light between the truth and the understanding.[10] I know not if thou understandest; I speak of Beatrice:[11] thou shalt see her above, smiling and happy, upon the summit of this mountain."

And I: "My Lord, let us go on with greater

"Cease to hope that the decrees of the gods can be changed by prayer" (*Aeneid*, vi. 376).

9. v. 42. The prayer of Palinurus was not heard because it was that of one not in the grace of God; he was a heathen, doomed to Hell. But the prayer of "a heart that lives in grace" (Canto iv. 134) fervently interceding for a soul in Purgatory may be accepted and secure the remission of its penalty.

10. v. 45. The question, being one that relates to the mysteries of the Divine will, cannot be answered with full assurance by human reason.

11. v. 46. This is the first time in which the name of Beatrice is spoken, since Virgil's narration to Dante of her descent to Limbo, in the second canto of Hell. The mention of her quickens Dante's ardor to ascend.

speed, for now I am not weary as a while ago; and see how the hill now casts its shadow." "We will go forward with this day," he answered, "as much farther as is now possible for us; but the fact is otherwise than thou supposest. Before thou canst be there-above thou wilt see him return, who is now hidden by the hill-side so that thou dost not make his rays to break. But see there a soul which, stationed all alone, is looking toward us; it will point out to us the speediest way." We came to it. O Lombard soul, how lofty and disdainful didst thou hold thyself; and in the movement of thine eyes grave and slow! It said not anything to us, but let us go on, only eyeing us in manner of a lion when he is couching. Still Virgil drew near to it, praying that it would show to us the best ascent; and it made no answer to his request, but of our country and life enquired of us. And the sweet Leader began: "Mantua" — and the shade, all in itself recluse, rose toward him from the place where first it was, saying: "O Mantuan, I am Sordello of thy city."[12] And they embraced each other.

12. v. 74. Of Sordello, who lived in the thirteenth century, little is positively known, though many stories are told of him, some of them not much to his credit. He left his native land and gave up his native tongue to live and write as a troubadour in Provence, but his fame belonged to Italy.

Ah, servile Italy! hostel of grief! ship without pilot in great tempest! not lady of provinces, but a brothel! that noble soul was so ready, only at the sweet name of his native town, to give glad welcome here unto his fellow-citizen; and now in thee thy living men exist not without war, and of those whom one wall and one moat shut in one gnaws the other. Search, wretched one, around its shores, thy seaboard, and then look within thy bosom, if any part in thee enjoys peace! What avails it that for thee Justinian readjusted thy bridle,[13] if the saddle be empty?[14] Without this, the shame would be less. Ah folk,[15] that oughtest to be devout and let Cæsar sit in the saddle, if thou rightly understandest what God notes for thee! Look how fell this wild beast has become, through

Some of the poems ascribed to him justify by their character the esteem in which Dante seems to have held him. In the *De Vulgari Eloquio*, i. 15, Dante speaks of him as *tantus eloquentiae vir*.

13. v. 88. By his reform of the laws.

14. v. 89. What avails it that the law exist if there be no Emperor to enforce it.

15. v. 91. The Church-folk, the clergy, who ought to devote themselves to things of the spirit, and to take heed that God has said: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," but who, assuming the rights of civil government which belong to the Emperor, have let Italy fall into confusion and misery.

not being corrected by the spurs, since thou didst put thy hand upon the rein. O German Albert, who abandonest her that has become untamed and savage, and oughtest to bestride her saddle-bows, may a just judgment from the stars fall upon thy blood, and may it be so strange and manifest, that thy successor may have fear thereat![16] For thou and thy father, held back up there[17] by greed, have suffered the garden of the empire to become desert. Come thou to see the Montecchi and Cappelletti, the Monaldi and Filippeschi,[18] thou man without care, those already wretched, and these in dread. Come, cruel one, come, and see the distress of thy nobility, and cure their hurts; and thou shalt see Santafiora[19] how safe it is. Come to

16. v. 102. Albert of Hapsburg, son of the Emperor Rudolph, was elected King of the Romans in 1298, but, like his father, never went to Italy to be crowned. He was murdered by his nephew, John, called the Parricide, in 1308, at Königsfelden. It is plain that the reference to him was written after the just judgment had fallen. The successor of Albert was Henry VII. of Luxemburg, who came to Italy in 1311, was crowned at Rome in 1312, and died at Buonconvento in 1313. His death ended the hopes of Dante.

17. v. 104. In your German states.

18. v. 107. Famous families, the first two — Montagus and Capulets — of Verona, the last two of Orvieto, at enmity with each other in their respective cities, types of a common condition.

19. v. 111. The Counts of Santafiora were once the

see thy Rome, that weeps, widowed and alone, and cries day and night: "My Caesar, wherefore dost thou not keep me company?" Come to see how the people love one another; and, if no pity for us move thee, come to be shamed for thine own renown! And if it be lawful for me, O Supreme Jove, who wast on earth crucified for us, are Thy just eyes turned aside elsewhere? Or is it preparation, which in the abyss of Thy counsel Thou art making, for some good utterly cut off from our perception? For the cities of Italy are all full of tyrants, and every churl that comes playing the partisan becomes a Marcellus.[20]

My Florence! surely thou mayst be content with this digression, which does not touch thee, thanks to thy people that takes such heed.[21] Many have justice at heart, but shoot slowly, through not coming to the bow without deliberation; but thy people has it on the edge of its lips. Many reject the common burden, but thy people eagerly responds without being called,

most powerful Ghibelline nobles in the Sienese territory. Their power had declined, and the district was full of lawlessness and misery.

20. v. 125. That is, a bitter opponent of the Empire, as the Consul M. Claudius Marcellus was of Caesar.

21. v. 129. The bitterness of this irony is justified by the record of Florentine history in Dante's time.

and cries, "I load myself." Now make thee glad, for thou hast truly wherefore: thou rich, thou at peace, thou wise! If I speak the truth, the fact does not hide it. Athens and Lacedaemon, that made the ancient laws and were so civilized, made in regard to living well but little sign, compared with thee that makest such fine-spun provisions, that what thou spinnest in October reaches not to mid November. How often in the time that thou rememberest hast thou changed law, money, office, and custom, and renewed thy members! And if thou mind thee well and see the light, thou wilt see thyself resembling that sick woman, who cannot find repose upon the feathers, but with her tossing seeks to ease her pain.[22]

22. v. 151. Literally, "but with giving a turn wards off her pain."

CANTO VII

Virgil makes himself known to Sordello. — Sordello leads the Poets to the Valley of the Princes who have been negligent of salvation. — He points them out by name.

After the becoming and glad salutations had been repeated three and four times, Sordello drew back and said: "Who are you?" "Before the souls worthy to ascend to God were turned to this mountain,[1] my bones had been buried by Octavian; I am Virgil, and for no other sin did I lose heaven, but for not having faith:" thus then replied my Leader.

As is he who suddenly sees a thing before him whereat he marvels, and does and does not believe, saying: "It is, it is not," — such seemed that shade, and then he bent down his brow, and humbly returned toward him, and embraced him where the inferior lays hold.[2]

1. v. 4. Virgil died A. D. 19. Before the descent of Christ to Hell "human spirits were not saved" (*Hell*, iv. 63). Even the Saints of the Old Dispensation and the virtuous heathen were condemned to Limbo. Since the redemption souls foreordained to salvation attain it by ascent of the mount of Purgatory.

2. v. 15. Below the knees; so Statius stoops to embrace the feet of Virgil, Canto xxi. 130.

"O glory of the Latins," said he, "through whom our language showed what it could do, O eternal honor of the place wherefrom I was, what merit or what grace shows thee to me? If I am worthy to hear thy words, tell me if thou comest from Hell, and from what cloister." "Through all the circles of the realm of woe," replied he to him, "am I come hither; the power of Heaven moved me, and with it I come. Not by doing, but by not doing have I lost the sight of the high Sun which thou desirest, and which by me was known too late. There is a place below not sad with torments but with darkness only, where the lamentations sound not as wailings, but are sighs; there I abide with the little innocents bitten by the teeth of death before they were exempt from human sin; there I abide with those whom the three holy virtues did not invest, but who without vice knew the others, and followed all of them.[3] But if thou knowest and canst, give us some direction whereby we may come more speedily to where Purgatory has its right beginning." He re-

3. v. 36. The virtuous heathen did not possess the so-called theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity; but they practised the four cardinal virtues of Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice. Compare with Virgil's words the description of Limbo in the fourth canto of the *Hell*.

plied: "A fixed place is not assigned for us;[4] it is permitted me to go upward and around; so far as I can go, I join myself to thee as guide. But see how already the day declines, and to go up by night is not possible; therefore it is well to think of some fair sojourn. There are souls yonder to the right, apart; if thou consentest to me I will lead thee to them, and not without delight will they be known to thee." "How is this?" was the answer, "would he who might wish to ascend by night be prevented by another, or could he not ascend because he had not the power?" And the good Sordello drew his finger on the ground, saying: "See, only this line thou couldst not pass after the sun is gone; not, however, that aught else than the nocturnal darkness would give hindrance to going up; that hampers the will with impotence.[5] One might, indeed, in the darkness turn downward, and walk the hillside wandering around, while the horizon holds the day shut up." Thereon my Lord, as if wondering, said: "Lead us, then, there where thou sayest one may have delight while waiting."

A short distance had we gone from that

4. v. 40. Here in the Ante-Purgatory.

5. v. 57. The allegory is plain: the soul can mount the steep of purification only when illuminated by the Sun of Divine Grace.

place, when I perceived that the mountain was hollowed out in like fashion as the valleys hollow them here on earth. "Yonder," said that shade, "will we go, where the hillside makes a lap of itself, and there will we await the new day." Now steep, now level, was a winding path that led us to a side of the dale, where its border more than half dies away.[6] Gold and fine silver, and cochineal and pure white, Indian wood bright and clear blue,[7] fresh emerald at the instant it is split, would each be vanquished in color by the herbage and by the flowers set within that valley, as by its greater the less is vanquished. Nature had not only painted there, but of sweetness of a thousand odors she made there one unknown and blended fragrance.

Here I saw souls[8] who, because of the valley, were not visible from without, seated upon the green and upon the flowers, singing "*Salve Regina*."[9] "Before the now diminished sun

6. v. 72. As the valley opens out on the mountain-side its rocky rim gradually diminishes in height.

7. v. 74. Indigo.

8. v. 82. The souls of kings and other rulers who had delayed repentance till the hour of death.

9. v. 82. The beginning of an antiphon recited, during certain seasons of the year, at Compline, the last service of the day, after sunset. The whole antiphon is as follows, and its appropriateness to the condition of these sinners is manifest:—

sink to his nest," began the Mantuan who had turned us thither, "do not desire that I guide you among these. From this bank ye will better discern the acts and countenances of each and all, than when received among them on the level below. He who sits highest and has the semblance of having neglected that which he should have done, and who moves not his mouth to the others' songs, was Rudolph the Emperor,[10] who might have healed the wounds

"Salve, Regina, mater misericordiæ, vita, dulcedo et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clamamus, exules filii Hevae. Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac lacrymarum valle. Eia ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte ; et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui nobis post exilium ostende. O clemens, o pia, o dulcis Virgo Maria, ora pro nobis, sancta Dei genetrix, ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi." "Hail, Queen, mother of mercy! our life, our joy, our hope, hail! To thee we, exiled sons of Eve, do cry ; to thee we sigh, groaning and weeping in this valley of tears. Come then, our Advocate, turn thy pitying eyes upon us, and show to us, after our exile, Jesus, the blessed fruit of thy womb. O clement, O pitiful, O sweet Virgin Mary! Pray for us, holy Mother of God, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ."

10. v. 94. Rudolph of Hapsburg, first Emperor of the House of Austria, born in 1218, crowned Emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1273, died in 1291. His neglect of Italy (see the preceding canto, v. 103) was not to be repaired by the vain efforts of Henry VII. As Emperor, Rudolph has the highest seat, but the neglect of his duty weighs on him so heavily that he cannot sing.

that have slain Italy, so that too late is she called back to life by another. The next, who to appearance is comforting him, ruled the land where the water rises which the Moldau bears to the Elbe, and the Elbe to the sea. His name was Ottocar,[11] and in his swaddling-clothes he was better far than bearded Wenceslaus, his son, whom luxury and idleness feed.[12] And that small-nosed one,[13] who seems close in counsel with him who has so benign an aspect,[14] died in flight and disflowering the lily; look there, how he beats his breast: see the next one who, sighing, has made with his hand

11. v. 100. Ottocar, King of Bohemia and Duke of Austria, was slain in battle against Rudolph, on the Marchfeld by the Donau, in 1278; "whereby Austria fell to Rudolph." See Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, book ii. ch. 7. The two enemies on earth are friends here.

12. v. 102. Dante repeats his harsh judgment of Wenceslaus in the nineteenth canto of *Paradise*, v. 125. His first wife was the daughter of Rudolph of Hapsburg. He died in 1305.

13. v. 103. This is Philip III., the Bold, of France. He succeeded his father, Louis IX., St. Louis, in 1270. Having invaded Catalonia, in a war with Peter the Third of Aragon, he was driven back, and died, on his disastrous retreat, at Perpignan, in 1285.

14. v. 104. Henry of Navarre, the brother of Thibault, the poet-king (*Hell*, xxii. 52). He died in 1274. His daughter Joan married Philip IV., the Fair, "the pest of France," the son of Philip the Bold.

a bed for his cheek. Father and father-in-law are they of the Pest of France;[15] they know his vicious and foul life, and thence comes the grief which so pierces them. He who looks so large-limbed,[16] and who accords in singing with him of the masculine nose,[17] wore girt the cord of every worth, and if the youth that is sitting behind him[18] had remained after him as king, truly the worth had gone from vessel to vessel, which cannot be said of the other heirs: James and Frederick hold the realms;[19] the better

15. v. 109. "Of all the sovereigns mentioned in the Divina Commedia, there is none who wrought such evil to the Church, or such harm to Italy, as Philippe *le Bel*, and against none does Dante inveigh more often, or in terms of severer censure." (Vernon.) See *Hell*, xix. 87; *Purgatory*, xx. 91; xxxii. 152; xxxiii. 45; *Paradise*, xix. 118. Philip IV. died in 1314.

16. v. 112. Peter III. of Aragon, the husband of Constance, daughter of Manfred (see Canto iii. 115, 143). After the Sicilian Vespers in 1282, when the French were driven out of Sicily, Pedro was made king of Sicily. He died in 1285.

17. v. 113. Charles of Anjou, the famous brother of St. Louis, and king, by conquest, of Naples and Sicily. See Canto xx. 67–69, for a bitterly ironical reference to Charles. He died in January, 128⅘.

18. v. 116. This youth is Alfonso, son of Peter of Aragon, who succeeded his father as king of Aragon, but died, twenty years old, in 1291.

19. v. 119. The kingdoms of Aragon and Sicily; both

heritage no one possesses. Rarely does human goodness rise through the branches, and this He wills who gives it, in order that it may be claimed from Him.[20] To the large-nosed one also my words apply not less than to the other, Peter, who is singing with him; wherefore Apulia and Provence are now grieving.[21] The plant is as inferior to its seed,[22] as, more than Beatrice and Margaret, Constance still boasts of her husband.[23] See the King of the simple life sitting there alone, Henry of England; he in his

James and Frederick, the two surviving sons of Peter of Aragon, were living when Dante thus wrote of them. (See Canto iii. 116). The "better heritage" was the virtue of their father.

20. v. 123. Chaucer translates this sentence of "the wyse poete of Florence" in his *Wyf of Bathe's Tale*, vv. 269–74:

> "Ful selde up ryseth by his branches smale
> Prowesse of man; for god, of his goodnesse,
> Wol that of him we clayme our gentilesse."

21. v. 126. Apulia and Provence were grieving under the rule of Charles II., the degenerate son of Charles of Anjou; he died in 1309.

22. v. 127. That is, the son is as inferior to his father.

23. v. 129. These words are obscure; perhaps their meaning is, that the children of Charles of Anjou and of Peter of Aragon are as inferior to their fathers, as Charles himself, the husband first of Beatrice of Provence and then of Margaret of Nevers, was inferior to Peter, the husband of Constance.

branches has a better issue.[24] That one who lowest among them is seated on the ground, looking upward, is William the marquis,[25] for whom Alessandria and her war make Montferrat and Canavese mourn."

24. v. 132. Henry III. (died 1272), father of Edward I. He sits alone because, perhaps, of the remoteness of England, and the slight connection of the king with the other princes.

25. v. 134. Guglielmo Spadalunga, William Longsword, was Marquis of Montferrat and Canavese, the Piedmontese highlands and plain north of the Po. He was Imperial vicar, and the head of the Ghibellines in this region. In a war with the Guelfs, who had risen in revolt in 1290, he was taken captive at Alessandria, and for two years, till his death, was kept in an iron cage. Dante refers to him in the *Convito*, iv. 11. 127, as "the good marquis of Montferrat."

CANTO VIII

Valley of the Princes. — Two Guardian Angels. — Nino Visconti. — The Serpent. — Corrado Malaspina.

It was now the hour that turns back desire in those that sail the sea, and softens their hearts, the day when they have said to their sweet friends farewell, and which pierces the new pilgrim with love, if he hear from afar a bell that seems to deplore the dying day, — when I began to render hearing vain,[1] and to look at one of the souls who, uprisen, besought attention with its hand. It joined and raised both its palms, fixing its eyes toward the east, as if it said to God, "For aught else I care not." "*Te lucis ante*"[2] so devoutly issued

1. v. 8. When I began no longer to pay attention to the words of Sordello.

2. v. 13. The opening words of a hymn sung at Compline, the last service of the day : —

> "Te lucis ante terminum,
> Rerum Creator poscimus,
> Ut tua pro clementia
> Sis presul et custodia : " —

"Before the close of light, we pray thee, O Creator, that through thy clemency, thou be our watch and guard."

from his mouth and with such sweet notes that it made me issue forth from my own mind.[3] And then the others sweetly and devoutly accompanied it through all the hymn to the end, having their eyes on the supernal wheels. Here, reader, sharpen well thine eyes to the truth, for surely the veil is now indeed so thin that passing through within is easy.[4]

I saw that army of the gentle-born silently thereafter gazing upward, as if in expectation, pallid and humble; and I saw two angels, issuing from on high and descending, with two flaming swords truncated and deprived of their points. Green as leaflets just now born was their raiment, which, beaten and blown by their green pinions, they trailed behind.[5] One came

3. v. 15. That I lost myself in listening.

4. v. 21. The allegory seems to be, that the soul which has entered upon the way of repentance and purification, but which is not yet securely advanced therein, is still exposed to temptation. But if the soul have steadfast purpose to resist temptation, and seek aid from God, that aid will not be wanting. The prayer of the Church which is recited after the hymn just cited has these words: "Visit, we pray thee, O Lord, this abode, and drive far from it the snares of the enemy. Let thy holy Angels abide in it, and guard us in peace." Pallid with self-distrust, humble with the sense of need, the soul awaits the fulfilment of its prayer.

5. v. 30. The guardian angels are clad in green, the symbolic color of hope. Their swords are truncated, because needed only for defence.

to his station a little above us, and the other descended on the opposite bank, so that the people were contained between them. I clearly discerned in them their blond heads, but on their faces the eye was dazzled, as a faculty which is confounded by excess. "Both come from the bosom of Mary," said Sordello, "for guard of the valley, because of the serpent which will straightway come." Whereat I, who knew not by what path, turned me round, and, all chilled, drew close to the trusty shoulders.

And Sordello again: "Now let us go down among the great shades, and we will speak to them; well-pleasing will it be to them to see you." Only three steps I think that I descended and I was below; and I saw one who was gazing only at me as if he wished to recognize me. It was already the time when the air was darkening, but not so that between his eyes and mine it did not reveal that which it locked up before.[6] Towards me he made, and I made towards him. Noble Judge Nino,[7] how

6. v. 51. It was not yet so dark that recognition of one near at hand was difficult, though at a distance it had been impossible.

7. v. 53. Nino (Ugolino) de' Visconti of Pisa was the grandson of Count Ugolino (see *Hell*, xxxiii., note on v. 14). Sardinia was under the dominion of Pisa, and was

much it pleased me when I saw that thou wast not among the damned! No fair salutation was silent between us; then he asked: "How long is it since thou camest to the foot of the mountain across the far waters?"

"Oh," said I to him, "from within the dismal places I came this morning, and I am in the first life, although in going thus I may gain the other." And when my answer was heard, Sordello and he drew themselves back, like folk suddenly bewildered.[8] The one turned to Virgil, and the other to one who was seated there, crying: "Up, Corrado,[9] come to see what God through grace has willed." Then, turning to me: "By that singular gratitude thou owest unto Him who so hides His own first wherefore[10] that there is no ford to it, when thou

divided into four districts, each of which was governed by one of the Pisan nobles, under the title of Judge. Nino had held the judicature of Gallura, where Frate Gomita (see *Hell*, xxii. 81) had been his vicar. Nino died in 1296.

8. v. 63. The sun was already hidden behind the mountain when Virgil and Dante came upon Sordello. Sordello had not therefore seen that Dante cast a shadow, and, being absorbed in discourse with Virgil, had not observed that Dante breathed as a living man.

9. v. 65. Corrado, of the great Guelf family of the Malaspina, lords of the Lunigiana, a wide district between Genoa and Pisa.

10. v. 69. The reason of that which He wills.

shalt be beyond the wide waves, say to my Joan, that she cry for me there where answer is made to the innocent. I do not think her mother[11] loves me longer, since she changed her white wimples,[12] which she, wretched, needs must even now long for. Through her one may understand easily enough how long in woman the fire of love endures, if the eye or the touch does not often rekindle it. The viper[13] which leads afield the Milanese will not make for her so fair a sepulture as the cock of Gallura would have done." Thus he said, marked in his aspect with the stamp of that righteous zeal which glows with due measure in the heart.

My greedy eyes were going only to the sky, only there where the stars are slowest, even as a wheel nearest the axle. And my Leader: "Son, at what art thou gazing up there?" And I to him: "At those three torches with which

11. v. 73. Her mother was Beatrice d' Este, who, in 1300, married in second nuptials Galeazzo de' Visconti of Milan.

12. v. 74. The white veil or wimple and black garments were worn by widows. Nothing is known of the outcome of Beatrice d' Este's second marriage to account for the declaration that she must needs wish for her "widow-like sad wimples thrown away."

13. v. 80. The viper was the cognizance of the Visconti, the lords of Milan; the cock that of the Judicature of Gallura.

the pole on this side is all aflame." [14] And he to me: "The four bright stars which thou sawest this morning [15] are low on the other side, and these are risen where those were."

As he was speaking, lo! Sordello drew him to himself, saying: "See there our adversary!" and pointed his finger that he should look thither. At that part where the little valley has no barrier was a snake, perhaps such as gave to Eve the bitter food. Through the grass and the flowers came the evil streak, turning now and again its head to its back, licking like a beast that sleeks itself. I did not see, and therefore cannot tell, how the celestial falcons moved, but I saw well both one and the other in motion. Hearing the air cleft by their green wings the serpent fled, and the angels wheeled upward to their posts with equal flight.

The shade which had drawn close to the Judge when he exclaimed, through all that assault had not for a moment loosed its gaze from me. "So may the lantern which is leading thee on high find in thine own free-will so much wax as is needed as far as to the enamelled sum-

14. v. 90. These three stars are supposed to symbolize the theological virtues, — faith, hope, and charity, whose light shines in the contemplative hours of night, when the four virtues of active life are dim.

15. v. 92. See Canto i. v. 23.

mit," [16] it began, "if thou knowest true news of Valdimacra [17] or of the neighboring region, tell it to me, for there I once was great. I was called Corrado Malaspina; I am not the elder,[18] but from him I am descended; to mine own I bore the love which is here refined." [19] "Oh," said I to him, "through your lands I have never been, but where does man dwell in all Europe that they are not renowned? The fame that honors your house proclaims its lords, proclaims its district, so that he knows of them who never yet was there. And I swear to you, so may I go on high, that your honored race does not despoil itself of the praise of the purse and of the sword. Custom and nature so privilege it that though the guilty head [20] turn the

16. v. 114. So may illuminating grace find the disposition in thee requisite for the support of its light, until thou shalt arrive at the summit of the Mountain, the earthly Paradise, enamelled with perpetual flowers.

17. v. 116. A part of the district of Lunigiana, the valley of the Magra, which enters the sea near the Gulf of Spezia.

18. v. 119. The elder Corrado Malaspina was the husband of Constance, the sister of King Manfred. He died about the middle of the thirteenth century. The second Corrado was his grandson.

19. v. 120. The earthly affections are purified here, freed from material dross.

20. v. 131. Dante probably means the Pope, Boniface VIII.

world awry, alone it goes straight and scorns the evil way."[21] And he: "Now go, for the sun shall not return to rest seven times in the bed which the Ram covers and bestrides with all four feet,[22] before this courteous opinion will be nailed in the middle of thy head with greater nails than the speech of another, if course of judgment be not arrested."

21. v. 132. This magnificent eulogy of the land and the family of Malaspina is Dante's return for the hospitality which, during his exile, in 1306, he received from the Marquis Moroello and other members of the house.

23. v. 135. Seven years shall not pass, the sun being at this time of Dante's journey in the sign of the Ram.

CANTO IX

Slumber and Dream of Dante. — The Eagle. — Lucia. — The Gate of Purgatory. — The Angelic Gatekeeper. — Seven P's inscribed on Dante's Forehead. — Entrance to the First Ledge.

The concubine of old Tithonus was now gleaming white on the balcony of the east, forth from the arms of her sweet friend; her forehead was bright with gems set in the shape of the cold animal that strikes people with its tail.[1] And in the place where we were the night had taken two of the steps with which she ascends, and the third was already bending its wings downward, when I, who had somewhat of Adam[2]

1. v. 6. By "the concubine of old Tithonus," Dante seems to intend the lunar Aurora, in distinction from the proper wife of Tithonus, Aurora, who precedes the rising Sun, and the meaning of these verses is that "the Aurora before moonrise was lighting up the eastern sky, the brilliant stars of the sign Scorpio were on the horizon, and, finally, it was shortly after 8.30 P. M." (Moore.) "The steps with which the night ascends" are the six hours of the first half of the night, from 6 P. M. to midnight.

2. v. 10. His human body, requiring repose.

with me, overcome by sleep, reclined upon the grass, there where all five of us[3] were already seated.

At the hour near the morning when the little swallow begins her sad lays,[4] perhaps in memory of her former woes, and when our mind, more a wanderer from the flesh and less captive to the thought, is in its visions almost divine,[5] in dream I seemed to see an eagle with feathers of gold poised in the sky, with wings spread, and intent to stoop. And I seemed to be there[6] where his own people were abandoned by Ganymede, when he was rapt to the supreme consistory. In myself I thought, perhaps this bird strikes only here through wont, and perhaps from other place disdains to carry anyone upward in its feet. Then it seemed to me that, having wheeled a little, it descended terrible as a thunderbolt, and snatched me upwards far as

3. v. 12. Dante, Virgil, Sordello, Nino, and Corrado.

4. v. 13. The allusion is to the tragic story of Progne and Philomela, transformed the one into a swallow, the other into a nightingale. Dante found the tale in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book vi.

5. v. 18. Dante passes three nights in Purgatory, and each night his sleep is terminated by a dream towards the hour of dawn, the time when, according to the belief of classical antiquity, the visions of dreams are symbolic and prophetic. (Moore.) Cf. *Hell*, xxvi. 7.

6. v. 22. On Mount Ida.

the fire.[7] There it seemed that it and I burned, and the imagined fire so scorched that of necessity my sleep was broken.

Not otherwise Achilles shook himself, — turning around his awakened eyes, and not knowing where he was, when his mother stole him away, sleeping in her arms, from Chiron to Scyros, thither whence afterwards the Greeks withdrew him,[8]— than I started, as from my face sleep fled away ; and I became pale, as does a man who, frightened, turns to ice. At my side was my Comforter alone, and the sun was now more than two hours high,[9] and my face was turned toward the sea. " Have no fear," said my Lord ; " be reassured, for we are at a good point ; restrain not, but put forth all thy strength. Thou art now arrived at Purgatory ; see there the cliff that closes it round ; see the

7. v. 30. The sphere of fire by which, according to the mediæval cosmography, the sphere of the air was surrounded.

8. v. 39. Statius, in the first book of the Achilleid, tells how Thetis, to prevent Achilles from going to the siege of Troy, bore him, sleeping, away from his instructor, the centaur Chiron, and carried him to the court of King Lycomedes, on the Island of Scyros, where, though concealed in women's garments, Ulysses and Diomed discovered him. Statius relates how wonderstruck Achilles was when, on awaking, he found himself at Scyros.

9. v. 44. It is the morning of Easter Monday.

entrance there where it appears divided. Short while ago, in the dawn that precedes the day, when thy soul was sleeping within thee upon the flowers wherewith the place down yonder is adorned, came a lady, and said: 'I am Lucia;[10] let me take this one who is sleeping; thus will I assist him along his way.' Sordello remained, and the other noble forms: she took thee up, and as the day grew bright, she came upward, and I along her footprints. Here she laid thee down: and first her beautiful eyes showed me that open entrance; then she and slumber went away together." Like a man who in perplexity is reassured, and who changes his fear into confidence after the truth is disclosed to him, so did I change; and when my Leader saw me free from disquiet, up along the cliff he moved on, and I behind, toward the height.

Reader, thou seest well how I exalt my theme, and therefore marvel not if I support it with more art.[11]

10. v. 55. Lucia seems to be here, as in the second canto of *Hell*, the symbol of assisting grace, the *gratia operans* of the schoolmen.

11. v. 72. These words may be intended to call attention to the doctrine which underlies the imagery of the verse.

The entrance within the gate of Purgatory is the assurance of justification, which is the change of the soul from a state of sin to a state of justice or righteousness. Justification itself consists, according to St. Thomas Aquinas (*S. T.* ii.[1] 112.

We drew near to it, and reached a place such that there, where at first there seemed to me to be a rift, like a cleft which divides a wall, I saw a gate, and three steps beneath for going to it, of divers colors, and a gatekeeper who as yet said not a word. And as I opened my eye upon him more and more, I saw him sitting on the upper step, such in his face that I endured it not.[12] And he had in his hand a naked sword,

6 and 8), of four parts : first, the infusion of grace ; second, the turning of the free will to God through faith ; third, the turning of the free will against sin ; fourth, the remission of sin. It must be accompanied by the sacrament of penance, which consists of contrition, confession, and satisfaction by works of righteousness ; contrition is of the heart, confession of the mouth, and satisfaction of the deed.

Outside the gate of Purgatory justification cannot be complete. The souls in the Ante-Purgatory typify those who have entered on the way towards justification, but have not yet attained it. "Contingit autem quandoque quod praecedit aliqua deliberatio quæ non est de substantia justificationis sed via in justificationem." *S. T. l. c.* 7.

12. v. 81. The Earthly Paradise forms the summit of the Mountain of Purgatory, and the Angel at the gate of Purgatory corresponds to the Cherubim with the flaming sword which turned every way, whom the Lord God placed at the east of the garden of Eden, to keep the way of the tree of life. *Genesis*, iii. 24. That way was by Christ opened to redeemed souls, and the Angel is the type of the priest to whom the keys of the Church are committed, and to whom alone confession is to be made, and to whom it pertains to administer absolution. *S. T. Suppl.* viii. 1.

which so reflected the rays toward us that I often raised my sight in vain. "Tell it from there, what would ye?" he began to say: "Where is the guide? Beware lest the coming up be harmful to you."[13] "A lady from Heaven versed in these things," replied my Master to him, "only just now said to us: 'Go thither, here is the gate.'" "And may she speed your steps in good," began again the courteous gate-keeper, "come forward then unto our stairs."

Thither we came to the first great stair; it was of white marble so polished and smooth that I mirrored myself in it as I appear. The second, of deeper hue than perse,[14] was of a rough and scorched stone, cracked lengthwise and athwart. The third, which uppermost lies massy, seemed to me of porphyry as flaming red as blood that spirts forth from a vein. Upon this the Angel of God held both his feet, sitting upon the threshold, which seemed to me

13. v. 87. The angel recognizes that Dante and Virgil are not souls coming to undergo the penalties of Purgatory. His question corresponds with Cato's, "Who has guided you?" (i. 43). The inner meaning of his warning may be, that the teaching of the reason is not sufficient so to convince man of his sin as to make him fit for justification; co-operating grace must be added; and unless the penitence be proportioned to the sin the penitent may lose rather than gain in grace. *S. T.* iii. 89. 2.

14. v. 97. Dark purple, inclining to black.

stone of adamant.[15] Up over the three steps my Leader drew me with good will, saying: "Beg humbly that he undo the lock." Devoutly I threw myself at the holy feet; I besought for mercy's sake that he would open for me; but first upon my breast I struck three times.[16] Seven P's he inscribed upon my forehead with the point of his sword,[17] and: "See that thou wash these wounds when thou art within," he said.

Ashes or earth dug out dry would be of one color with his vestment, and from beneath that he drew two keys. One was of gold and the other was of silver: first with the white and then with the yellow he so did to the gate, that

15. v. 105. The first stair is the symbol of contrition, that compunction and humility of spirit in which man sees himself as he actually is; the second is the symbol of confession, in which he manifests the condition of his soul; the third is the symbol of the satisfaction rendered by deeds of love, the works of penitence; the threshold of adamant may signify the rock on which rests the authority of the Church.

16. v. 111. Three times, in penitence for sins in thought, in word, and in deed.

17. v. 113. The seven P's stand for the seven so-called mortal sins, — *Peccati*, — not specific acts, but the evil dispositions of the soul from which all evil deeds spring, — pride, envy, anger, sloth (*accidia*), avarice, gluttony, and lust. After justification these dispositions, which already have been overcome, must be utterly removed from the soul.

I was content.[18] "Whenever one of these keys fails, so that it turns not rightly in the lock," said he to us, "this narrow entrance does not open. The one is more precious;[19] but the other requires exceeding much of art and wit before it unlocks, because it is that which disentangles the knot.[20] From Peter I hold them; and he told me to err rather in opening than in keeping shut, if but the people prostrate themselves at my feet." Then he pushed the valve of the sacred gate, saying: "Enter, but I give you warning that whoso looks backward returns outside."[21] And when the pivots of that sacred portal, which are of metal, sonorous and strong, were turned within their hinges, Tarpeia roared not so loud nor

18. v. 120. The golden key is typical of the power to open, and the silver of the judgment to whom to open; the first is called *potestas judicandi*, the second *scientia discernendi*. *S. T. Suppl.* xvii. 3.

19. v. 124. The gold, more precious because the power of absolution was purchased by the death of the Saviour.

20. v. 126. The knot is the question as to the fitness of the suppliant to enter; to be determined by the priest on the confession of the sinner.

21. v. 132. For he who returns to his sins loses the benefit of his former penitence, though he may, through the infinite mercy of God, again repent, and again enter on the way of salvation. *S. T.* iii. 84. 10. "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." *Luke*, ix. 62.

showed herself so harsh, when the good Metellus was taken from her, whereby she afterwards remained lean.[22]

I turned away attentive to the first tone,[23] and it seemed to me I heard "*Te Deum laudamus*" [24] in a voice mingled with the sweet sound. That which I heard gave me just such an impression as we are wont to receive when people stand singing with an organ, and the words now are, now are not heard.

22. v. 138. I know of no satisfactory explanation of the significance of this roaring of the gates. When Cæsar forced the doors of the temple of Saturn on the Tarpeian rock, in order to lay hands on the sacred treasure of Rome, he was unsuccessfully resisted by the tribune Metellus. Lucan (*Pharsalia*, iii. 153–155) tells of the clamor of the rock when Marcellus was dragged away, and (*Id.* 167, 168) of the impoverishment of the treasury.

23. v. 139. The first sound within Purgatory.

24. v. 140. "We praise thee, O God," words appropriate to the entrance of a repentant and justified sinner.

CANTO X

Purgatory proper. — First Ledge: the Proud. — Examples of Humility sculptured on the rock.

When we were within the threshold of the gate, which the evil love[1] of souls disuses, because it makes the crooked way seem straight, I heard by its resounding that it was closed again. And, if I had turned my eyes to it, what excuse would have been befitting for the fault?

We were ascending through a cloven rock, which was moving to one side and to the other, even as the wave which retreats and approaches. "Here must be used a little art," began my Leader, "in keeping close, now on this hand, now on that, to the side which recedes."[2] And this made our steps so scant that the waning disk of the moon had regained its bed to go to

1. v. 2. It is Dante's doctrine that love is the motive of every act; rightly directed, of good deeds; perverted, of evil. See Canto xvii. 91–105.

2. v. 12. The path between walls of rock was a narrow, steep zigzag, which, as it receded on one side and the other, afforded the better foothold.

rest, before we were out from that needle's eye.[3] But when we were free and open above, where the mountain gathers itself back,[4] I weary, and both uncertain of our way, we stopped upon a level more solitary than roads through deserts. From its edge, where it borders the void, to the foot of the high bank which ever rises, a human body three times told would measure; and as far as my eye could stretch its wings, now on the left and now on the right side, such did this cornice seem to me. Our feet had not yet moved upon it, when I perceived the circling bank, which, being perpendicular, allowed no ascent, to be of white marble and adorned with such carvings, that not only Polycletus, but Nature herself would have been shamed there.

The Angel who came to earth with the announcement of the peace, many years wept for, which opened Heaven from its long interdict, appeared before us, carved here so truly in a sweet attitude, that he did not seem an image that is silent. One would have sworn that he was saying "*Ave;*" for she was imaged there who turned the key to open the exalted love. And on her action she had these words impressed,

3. v. 16. The time is between 8 and 9 A. M.

4. v. 18. Leaving an open space, the first ledge of Purgatory.

"*Ecce ancilla Dei!*"[5] as exactly as a shape is sealed in wax.

"Keep not thy mind only on one place," said the sweet Master, who had me on that side where people have their heart. Whereupon I moved my eyes and saw, beyond Mary, upon that side where he was who was moving me, another story imposed upon the rock; wherefore I passed Virgil, and drew near so that it might be set before my eyes. There in the very marble were carved the cart and the oxen drawing the holy ark, by reason of which men fear an office not given in charge.[6] In front appeared people; and all of them, divided in seven choirs, of two of my senses made the one say: "*No*," the other: "*Yes, they are singing*."[7] In

5. v. 44. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" *Luke* i. 38.

6. v. 57. "And they set the ark of God upon a new cart, and brought it out of the house . . . and Uzzah and Ahio . . . drave the new cart . . . and when they came to Nachon's threshing-floor, Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God, and took hold of it; for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error; and there he died by the ark of God." 2 *Samuel*, vi. 4–7. Dante makes a striking reference to this presumption of Uzzah in his Letter to the Cardinals. *Ep.* viii. § 5.

7. v. 60. The hearing said "No," the sight said "Yes." The division of the people in seven bands is told of in the Vulgate, but not in the English version.

like manner, by the smoke of the incense that was imaged there, my eyes and nose were made in *Yes* and *No* discordant. There, preceding the blessed vessel, dancing, girt up, was the humble Psalmist, and more and less than king was he on that occasion. Opposite, portrayed at a window of a great palace, Michal was looking on, even as a lady scornful and troubled.[8]

I moved my feet from the place where I was standing, in order to look from near at another story which, beyond Michal, was gleaming white to me. Here was storied the high glory of the Roman prince, whose worth incited Gregory to his great victory:[9] I speak of Trajan the

8. v. 69. "So David went and brought up the ark of God . . . into the city of David with gladness. And when they that bare the ark of the Lord had gone six paces he sacrificed oxen and fatlings. And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod. So David and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet. And as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window, and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart." 2 *Samuel*, vi. 12–16.

9. v. 75. This legend of Trajan had great vogue during the Middle Ages. It was believed that Pope Gregory the Great interceded for him, praying that he might be delivered from Hell; "then God because of these prayers drew that soul from pain and put it into glory." This was Gregory's great victory. See *Paradise*, xx. 106–117.

emperor; and a poor widow was at his bridle in attitude of weeping and of grief. Round about him it seemed trampled and thronged with knights, and above him the eagles in the gold were moving in appearance in the wind. The wretched woman among all these seemed to be saying: "Lord, do me vengeance for my son who is slain, whereat I am broken-hearted." And he to answer her: "Now wait till I return;" and she: "My Lord," — like one in whom grief is urgent, — "if thou return not?" And he: "He who shall be where I am will do it for thee." And she: "What will the good deed of another be to thee, if thou art unmindful of thine own?" Whereon he: "Now comfort thee; for it behoves that I discharge my duty ere I go; justice so wills, and pity holds me back." He who never beheld a new thing[10] produced that visible speech, novel to us, because it is not found on earth.

While I was delighting myself with looking at the images of such great humilities, and for their Maker's sake dear to see: "Behold," murmured the Poet, "on this side many people, but they make few steps; they will put us on the way to the lofty stairs." My eyes which were intent on gazing, were not slow in turning

10. v. 94. God, to whom nothing can be new.

toward him in order to see novelties, whereof they are fain.

I would not, indeed, Reader, that thou be diverted from thy good purpose, through hearing how God wills that the debt be paid. Heed not the form of the suffering; think on what follows; think that, at the worst, beyond the Great Judgment it cannot go!

I began: "Master, that which I see moving toward us does not seem to me to be persons, but what I know not, I am so at loss in looking." And he to me: "The heavy condition of their torment bows them to earth, so that my own eyes at first had contention with it. But look fixedly there, and disentangle with thy sight that which is coming beneath those stones; already thou canst discern how each is stricken."

O proud Christians, wretched and weary, who, diseased in vision of the mind, have confidence in backward steps, are ye not aware that we are worms born to form the angelic butterfly, which flies unto judgment without defence?[11] Wherefore does your mind float up aloft, since ye are as it were defective insects, even as a worm in which formation fails?[12]

11. v. 126. The soul comes bare and defenceless to judgment.

12. v. 129. What reason to exalt yourselves, what

As to support ceiling or roof, by way of corbel, a figure is sometimes seen joining its knees to its breast, which out of the unreal gives birth to a real distress in him who sees it, thus fashioned did I see these, when I gave good heed. True it is, that they were more or less bowed down, according as they had more or less upon their backs ; and he who had most patience in his looks, weeping, appeared to say : " I can no more."

excuse for pride have ye men, since all men are by nature imperfect beings ?

CANTO XI

First Ledge: the Proud. — Prayer. — Omberto Aldobrandeschi. — Oderisi d'Agubbio. — Provenzan Salvani.

"O OUR Father, who art in Heaven, not circumscribed, but for the greater love which Thou hast[1] to the first works on high, praised be Thy name and Thy power by every creature, as it is meet to render thanks to Thy sweet effluence. May the peace of Thy Kingdom come unto us, for if it come not, we cannot unto it of ourselves, with all our striving. As Thine angels, singing Hosanna, make sacrifice to Thee of their will, so may men make of theirs. Give us this day the daily manna, without which, in this rough desert, he backward goes, who toils most to go on. And as we forgive to each the wrong that we have suffered, even do Thou, benignant, forgive, and regard not our desert. Our virtue, which is easily overcome, put not

1. v. 3. Not circumscribed by Heaven, but having Thy seat there because of the love Thou bearest to "the first effects" — the first works of creation, the angels, and the heavens — of Thyself the First Cause.

to proof with the old adversary, but deliver from him who so assails it.[2] This last prayer, dear Lord, is, indeed, not made for ourselves, for it is not needful, but for those who have remained behind us."[3]

Thus praying good speed for themselves and us, those shades were all going under their load, like that of which one sometimes dreams, unequally distressed,[4] round and round and weary, along the first cornice, purging away the sullies of the world. If good is always asked for us there, what can be said and done here[5] for them by those who have a good root to their will? Truly we ought to aid them to wash away the marks which they bore hence, so that pure and light they may issue forth unto the starry wheels.[6]

"Ah! so may justice and pity disburden you speedily, that ye may be able to move the

2. v. 21. Literally, "spurs it." In this case, as in many others, the rhyme seems to have compelled Dante to use a word with a somewhat strained significance.

3. v. 24. Within Purgatory the Devil has no power to urge to sin; the penitent is safe from temptation. Compare Canto xxvi. 130–132. In the Ante-purgatory the souls are still subject to the assaults of the Devil, as appears from the assault of the snake in Canto viii.

4. v. 28. More or less burdened.

5. v. 32. Here, on earth.

6. v. 36. The spheres of the heavens.

wing which may lift you according to your desire, show on which hand is the shortest path toward the stairway; and if there be more than one passage, point out to us that which least steeply slopes; for this one who comes with me, because of the burden of the flesh of Adam wherewith he is clothed, is chary, against his will, of mounting up." It was not manifest from whom came the words which they returned to these that he whom I was following had spoken, but it was said: "Come with us to the right hand along the bank, and ye will find the pass possible for a living person to ascend. And were I not hindered by the stone which tames my proud neck, so that I needs must carry my face low, I would look at that one who is still alive and has not been named, to see if I know him, and to make him pitiful of this burden. I was an Italian, and the son of a great Tuscan; Guglielmo Aldobrandesco was my father: I know not if his name was ever with you.[7] The ancient blood and the gallant deeds of my ancestors made me so arrogant, that, not thinking on the common mother, I

7. v. 60. The Aldobrandeschi were the counts of Santafiore (see Canto vi. 111) in the Sienese Maremma. Little is known of them, but that they were in constant feud with Siena. The one who speaks was murdered, in his own stronghold of Campagnatico, in 1259.

held every man in scorn to such extreme that I died therefor, as the Sienese know, and every child in Campagnatico knows it. I am Omberto: and not only to me pride does harm, for all my kinsfolk has it dragged with it into calamity; and here must I bear this load for it till God be satisfied, — here, among the dead, since I did it not among the living."

Listening, I bent down my face; and one of them, not he who was speaking, twisted himself under the weight that hampers him, and saw me, and recognized me, and called out, keeping his eyes with effort fixed on me, who was going along all stooping with them.[8] "Oh," said I to him, "art thou not Oderisi, the honor of Gubbio, and the honor of that art which in Paris is called illuminating?" "Brother," said he, "more smiling are the leaves that Franco of Bologna pencils; the honor is now all his, and mine in part.[9] Truly I should not have been so courteous while I lived, because of the great desire of excelling whereon my heart was intent. Of such pride the fee is paid here; and

8. v. 78. This stooping, as if burdened like the sinners, is the symbol of Dante's consciousness of pride as his own besetting sin; see Canto xiii. 136–138.

9. v. 84. Oderisi of Gubbio and Franco of Bologna were both eminent in the art called *miniare* in Italian, *enluminer* in French.

I should not yet be here, were it not that, still having power to sin, I turned me unto God. O vainglory of human powers! how short while lasts the green upon the top, if it be not followed by dull ages.[10] Cimabue thought to hold the field in painting, and now Giotto has the cry, so that the fame of him is obscured. In like manner the one Guido has taken from the other the glory of our tongue; and he perhaps is born who shall drive both one and the other from the nest.[11] Worldly renown is naught but a breath of wind, which now comes this way and now comes that, and changes name because it changes quarter. What more repute shalt thou have, if thou strippest thy flesh from thee when it is old, than if thou hadst died before thou hadst left thy pap and thy rattle,[12] ere a thousand years have passed? — which is a shorter space compared to the eternal than a movement of the eyelid to the circle which is slowest turned in Heaven. With him

10. v. 93. Dark ages, in which there is no lustre to dim that of the past.

11. v. 99. The first Guido is Guido Guinicelli, whom Dante calls his father in poesy; see Canto xxvi. 97–99. The other, Dante's friend, Guido Cavalcanti. He who may drive both from the nest can be no other than Dante himself.

12. v. 105. Dante's words are *pappo* and *dindi*, childish terms corresponding to our "pap" and "chink."

who takes so little [13] of the road in front of me, all Tuscany resounded, and now is scarce a whisper of him in Siena, whereof he was lord when the Florentine rage was destroyed,[14] which at that time was proud, as now it is prostitute. Your reputation is as the color of grass, which comes and goes, and he [15] discolors it through whom it came up fresh from the earth." And I to him: "Thy true speech fills my heart with good humility, and thou abatest a great swelling in me: but who is he of whom thou now wert speaking?" "That," he answered, "is Provenzan Salvani;[16] and he is here, because he was presumptuous in bringing all Siena to his hands. He has gone thus — and he goes without repose — ever since he died: such coin does every one pay in satisfaction, who is too daring on earth." And I: "If that spirit who

13. v. 109. Advances so slowly on the road.

14. v. 112. The mad Florentine people were utterly defeated, with vast loss of life, in 1260, at the battle of Montaperti.

15. v. 116. As the sun causes the grass to spring up green, and then dries it up, so Time in his course first gives reputation to men, and then takes it away.

16. v. 121. Provenzano Salvani was one of the chief supporters of the Ghibelline cause in Tuscany. He was a man of great qualities and capacity, but proud and presumptuous. Defeated and taken prisoner at the battle of Colle, in 1269, he was beheaded.

awaits the verge of life ere he repent abides there below,[17] and, if good prayer do not assist him, ascends not hither, until as long a time pass as he lived, how has this coming been granted unto him?" "When he was living in greatest boast," said he, "laying aside all shame, he freely stationed himself in the Campo of Siena,[18] and there, to deliver his friend from the punishment he was enduring in the prison of Charles, brought himself to tremble in every vein. More I will not say, and I know that I speak darkly; but little time will pass, before thy neighbors will so act that thou shalt be able to gloss it.[19] This deed removed those limits for him."[20]

17. v. 129. On the lower slopes of the mountain, outside the gate of Purgatory.

18. v. 134. The Campo of Siena is her chief public square and marketplace, set round with palaces. The friend of Provenzano is said by the old commentators to have fought for Conradin against Charles of Anjou, and, being taken captive, to have been condemned to death. His ransom was fixed at ten thousand florins. Provenzano, not being able to pay this sum from his own means, took his station in the Campo, and humiliated himself to beg of the passers-by.

19. v. 141. Thou wilt be able to interpret my dark saying, for exile and poverty will compel thee to beg, and, begging, to tremble in every vein.

20. v. 142. This deed of humility and charity relieved him from tarrying outside the gate.

CANTO XII

First Ledge: the Proud. — Instances of the punishment of Pride graven on the pavement. — Meeting with an Angel who removes one of the P's. — Ascent to the Second Ledge.

With even pace, like oxen that go yoked, I went on with that burdened soul so long as the sweet Pedagogue allowed it; but when he said: "Leave him, and pass on, for here it is well for every one to urge his bark, both with the sail and with the oars, as much as he can," I straitened up my body again, as is required for walking, although my thoughts remained both stooping and abased.

I had moved on, and was following willingly the steps of my Master, and both were now showing how light we were, when he said to me: "Turn thine eyes downward; it will be well for thee, in order to cheer the way, to look upon the bed of thy footsteps." As above the buried, so that there may be memory of them, their tombs on the ground bear engraved what they were before, — whence often is weeping

for them there, through the pricking of remembrance, which only to the pious gives the spur, — so I saw figured there, but of better semblance in respect of the workmanship, all that for pathway juts out from the mountain.

I saw, on one side, him who was created more noble than any other creature, falling down as lightning from heaven.[1]

I saw Briareus,[2] on the other side, transfixed by the celestial bolt, lying heavy upon the earth in mortal chill.

I saw Thymbraeus,[3] I saw Pallas and Mars, still armed, around their father, gazing at the scattered limbs of the giants.

I saw Nimrod at the foot of his great toil, as if bewildered, and looking round upon the people that had been proud with him in Shinar.

O Niobe! with what grieving eyes did I see thee portrayed upon the road between thy seven and seven children slain!

O Saul! how on thine own sword didst thou

1. v. 27. Lucifer. "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from Heaven." *Luke* x. 16.

2. v. 28. Examples from classic and biblical mythology alternate. Briareus, one of the giants who fought against the gods. See *Hell*, xxxi. 98.

3. v. 31. Apollo, so called from his temple at Thymbra, not far from Troy, where Achilles is said to have slain Paris. Virgil (*Georgics*, iv. 323) uses this epithet.

here appear dead on Gilboa, which thereafter felt not rain or dew![4]

O foolish Arachne,[5] so did I see thee, already half spider, wretched on the shreds of the work which to thy harm by thee was made!

O Rehoboam! here thine image seems not now to threaten, but a chariot bears it away full of terror before anyone pursues it.[6]

The hard pavement showed also how costly to his mother Alcmaeon made the ill-fated ornament appear.[7]

It showed how his sons threw themselves upon Sennacherib within the temple, and how, he dead, they left him there.[8]

It showed the ruin and the cruel butchery

4. v. 42. 1 *Samuel* xxxi. 4. "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you." 2 *Samuel* i. 21.

5. v. 43. Changed to a spider by Athena, whom she had challenged to a trial of skill at the loom.

6. v. 48. "Then king Rehoboam sent Adoram, who was over the tribute; and all Israel stoned him with stones, that he died. Therefore king Rehoboam made speed to get him up to his chariot, to flee to Jerusalem." 1 *Kings* xii. 18.

7. v. 51. Amphiaraüs, the soothsayer, foreseeing his own death if he went to the Theban war, hid himself to avoid being forced to go. His wife, Eriphyle, bribed by an ill-fated golden necklace made by Vulcan, betrayed his hiding-place, and was killed by her son Alcmaeon, for thus bringing about his father's death.

8. v. 54. 2 *Kings* xix. 37.

that Tomyris wrought, when she said to Cyrus, "For blood thou hast thirsted, and with blood I fill thee." [9]

It showed how the Assyrians fled in rout after Holofernes was killed, and also the remnants of the victim.[10]

I saw Troy in ashes, and in caverns: O Ilion, how cast down and abject did the image which is there discerned show thee!

What Master has there been of pencil or of style that could draw the shadows and the lines which there would make every subtile genius wonder? Dead seemed the dead, and the living alive. He who saw the truth saw not better than I all that I trod on, while I went bent down. — Now be ye proud, and go your way with haughty look, ye sons of Eve, and bend not down your face so that ye may see your evil path!

More of the mountain had now been circled

9. v. 57. Herodotus (i. 214) tells how Tomyris, Queen of the Massagetae, having defeated and slain Cyrus, filled a skin full of human blood, and plunged his head in it, with words such as Dante reports, and which he took from Orosius, *Hist.* ii. 7.

10. v. 60. "Behold Holofernes lieth upon the ground without a head. . . . And fear and trembling fell upon them, so that . . . . rushing out all together, they fled into every way of the plain, and of the hill country." *Judith* xiv. 18; xv. 2.

by us, and of the sun's course far more spent, than my mind, not disengaged,[11] was aware, when he, who always went attentive in advance, began: "Lift up thy head; there is no longer time for going thus abstracted. See yonder an Angel, who is making ready to come toward us: see how the sixth hand-maiden is returning from the service of the day.[12] With reverence adorn thine acts and thy face so that it may please him to direct us upward. Think that this day never dawns again."

I was well used to his admonition never to lose time,[13] so that on that theme he could not speak to me obscurely.

The beautiful creature came toward us, clothed in white, and in his face such as seems the tremulous morning star. His arms he opened, and then he opened his wings; he said: "Come: here at hand are the steps, and easily henceforth does one ascend. Very few come to these tidings. O human race, born to fly upward, wherefore at a little wind dost thou so fall?"

He led us to where the rock was cleft; here

11. v. 75. Cf. Canto iv. 7–12.

12. v. 81. The sixth hour of the day is coming to its end, near noon.

13. v. 86. "To lose time most displeases him who most knows," had Virgil said the day before. Canto iii. 78.

he struck his wings across my forehead,[14] then promised me secure progress.

As on the right hand, to ascend the mountain,[15] where the church sits which above Rubaconte [16] dominates the well-guided [17] city, the bold flight of the ascent is broken by the stairs, which were made in an age when the record and the stave were secure,[18] so the bank which falls here very steeply from the next round is made easier; but on this side and that the high rock grazes.[19] As we turned our persons thither,

14. v. 98. Removing the first P that the Angel of the Gate had incised on Dante's brow.

15. v. 100. The hill of San Miniato, above the city of Florence.

16. v. 102. The upper bridge at Florence across the Arno, named after Messer Rubaconte da Mandello, podestà of Florence, who laid the first stone of it in 1237; now called the Ponte alle Grazie, after a little chapel built upon it in 1471, and dedicated to Our Lady of Grace.

17. v. 102. Ironical.

18. v. 105. In the good old time when men were honest. In 1299 one Messer Niccola Acciaiuoli, in order to conceal a fraudulent transaction, had a leaf torn out from the public notarial record; and about the same time an officer in charge of the revenue from salt, for the sake of private gain, measured the salt he received with an honest measure, but that which he sold with a measure diminished by the removal of a stave.

19. v. 108. The stairway is so narrow that the rock on either side grazes him who mounts.

voices sang "*Beati pauperes spiritu*"[20] in such wise that speech could not tell it. Ah, how different are these passes from those of Hell! for here one enters with songs, and there below with fierce lamentations.

Already we were mounting up over the holy stairs, and it seemed to me I was far more light than I had seemed before upon the plain. Whereon I: "Master, say, what heavy thing has been lifted from me, so that almost no fatigue is felt by me as I go on?" He answered: "When the P's which, almost extinct,[21] still remain on thy forehead, shall be, as one is, quite erased, thy feet will be so conquered by good-will, that not only they will not feel fatigue but it will be delight to them to be urged upward." Then I did like those who are going with something on their head unknown to them, unless the signs of others make them suspect; wherefore the hand assists to ascertain, and

20. v. 110. "Blessed are the poor in spirit." See note to Canto x. 31.

21. v. 122. Almost extinct, because in the removal of the P which stood for Pride, the others had grown faint, for as St. Thomas Aquinas says, "Pride, by which we are chiefly turned from God, is the first and the origin of all sins." He adds, "Pride is said to be the beginning of every sin, not because every single sin has its immediate source in pride, but because every kind (*genus*) of sin is born of pride." *S. T.* ii.² 162. 7.

seeks and finds, and performs that office which cannot be accomplished by the sight; and with the fingers of my right hand outspread, I found six only of those letters which he of the keys had incised upon my temples: looking at which my Leader smiled.

CANTO XIII

Second Ledge: the Envious. — Examples of Love. — The Shades in haircloth, and with sealed eyes. — Sapìa of Siena.

We were at the top of the stairway, where the mountain, ascent of which frees one from ill, is for the second time cut back. There a cornice binds the hill round about, in like manner as the first, except that its arc curves more quickly.[1] No figure is there, nor mark which is apparent;[2] thus the bank appears bare and thus appears the path, with but the livid color of the stone.

"If to enquire one waits here for people," said the Poet, "I fear that perhaps our choice[3] will have too much delay." Then he set his eyes fixedly on the sun, made of his right

1. v. 6. As the conical mountain rises each ledge around it has a less circumference.

2. v. 7. No sculptured or engraved scenes are here, because the envious, who are expiating their sin in this cornice, deprived of the use of the eyes which they misused on earth, would be unable to see them.

3. v. 12. The choice of the right path.

side the centre for his movement, and turned the left part of himself. "O sweet light, with confidence in which I enter on the new road, do thou lead us on it," he said, "as there is need for leading here within. Thou warmest the world, thou shinest upon it; if other reason prompt not to the contrary, thy rays ought ever to be guides."[4]

As far as here on earth is reckoned for a mile, so far had we now gone on from there, in short time because of ready will. And toward us were heard flying, not however seen, spirits uttering courteous invitations to the table of love. The first voice which passed flying, said loudly: "*Vinum non habent*,"[5] and went on behind us reiterating it. And before it had become quite inaudible through distance, another passed by, crying: "I am Orestes,"[6] and

4. v. 21. The Sun here, as elsewhere, is the symbol of the illuminating grace of God; and the words, "if other reason prompt not to the contrary" may refer to the conditions of the souls in Purgatory, not yet capable of following upward the guidance of the Sun, but compelled, by their desire for purgation, to remain upon the ledges where their sins are expiated.

5. v. 24. "They have no wine." *John* ii. 3. The words of Mary at the wedding feast of Cana, symbolic of a kindness that is a rebuke of envy.

6. v. 32. The words of Pylades, before Aegisthus, when contending with Orestes to be put to death in his stead.

also did not stay. "O Father," said I, "what voices are these?" and even as I was asking, lo! the third, saying: "Love them from whom ye have had evil." And the good Master: "This circle scourges the sin of envy, and therefore the lashes of the scourge are drawn from love. The curb must be of the contrary sound; I believe, according to my judgment, that thou wilt hear it, before thou arrivest at the pass of pardon.[7] But fix thine eyes intently through the air, and thou wilt see in front of us people sitting, and each is seated against the cliff." Then more than before I opened my eyes; I looked in front of me, and saw shades with cloaks in color not different from the stone. And when we were a little further forward, I heard cry: "Mary, pray for us!" and a cry on Michael, and Peter, and all the Saints.

I do not believe there goes on earth to-day a man so hard that he would not be pierced with compassion at that which I then saw. For when I had approached so near to them that their actions came surely to me, tears were drawn from my eyes by heavy grief.[8] They seemed to me

7. v. 42. At the stair, leading to the third ledge, at the foot of which stands the angel who cancels the sign of envy.

8. v. 57. Literally, "through my eyes I was milked of heavy grief."

covered with coarse haircloth, and one was supporting the other with his shoulder, and all were supported by the bank. Thus the blind, who lack subsistence, wait at pardons[9] to beg for what they need, and one bows his head upon another, so that pity may quickly be moved in others, not only by the sound of their words, but by the sight which implores no less. And as the sun profits not the blind, so to the shades, in that place of which I was just now speaking, the light of Heaven wills not to make largess of itself; for an iron wire pierces the eyelids of all; even as is done to a wild hawk, because it stays not quiet.

It seemed to me I was doing outrage in going on, seeing others, not being seen myself, wherefore I turned me to my sage counsellor. Well did he know what the dumb wished to say, and therefore waited not my asking, but said: "Speak, and be brief and to the point."

Virgil was coming with me on that side of the cornice from which one may fall, because it is encircled by no rim. On the other side of me were the devout shades, who through the horrible suture were so pressing out their tears that they bathed their cheeks. I turned me to

9. v. 62. On occasion of special indulgences the beggars gather at the door of churches frequented by those who seek the pardons to be obtained within.

them, and: "O folk," I began, "assured of seeing the Light on high which your desire has alone in its care, may grace speedily dissolve the scum from off your conscience so that the stream of memory may flow down through it clear,[10] tell me, for it will be gracious and dear to me, if there be a soul here among you that is Italian, and perhaps it will be good for him if I learn it." "O my brother, each of us is a citizen of one true city,[11] but thou meanest one who lived in Italy while a pilgrim."[12] It seemed to me I heard this for answer somewhat farther on than where I was standing; wherefore I made myself heard still more that way. Among the others I saw a shade that was expectant in look; and, if any one should wish to ask: How? — it was lifting up its chin in the manner of a blind man. "Spirit," said I, "that art subduing thyself in order to ascend, if thou art that one which answered me, make thyself known to me either by place or by name." "I was of Siena," it answered, "and with these others I cleanse here my guilty life, weeping to

10. v. 90. So that purified from sin they shall retain no memory of it.

11. v. 95. "Fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." *Ephesians* ii. 19.

12. v. 96. "For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." *Hebrews* xiii. 14.

Him that He vouchsafe Himself to us. Sapient I was not, although I was called Sapìa,[13] and I was far more glad of others' harm than of my own good fortune. And that thou mayst not believe that I deceive thee, hear whether I was foolish as I tell thee. When the arch of my years was already descending, my fellow-citizens were joined in battle near to Colle[14] with their adversaries, and I prayed to God for that which He willed. They were routed there, and turned into the bitter passes of flight; and I, seeing the pursuit, experienced a joy unmatched by any other; so much that I turned upward my audacious face, crying out to God: 'Henceforth no more I fear thee;' as the blackbird does because of a little fair weather. At the very end of my life I desired peace with God; and even yet my debt would not have been lessened by penitence,[15] had it not been that Pier Pettinagno,[16] who out of

13. v. 109. A lady said by Benvenuto to have been by birth or marriage of the family of the Bigozzi, who held a stronghold about four miles from Colle, in the territory of Siena.

14. v. 115. This was the battle in 1269, in which the Florentines routed the Sienese Ghibellines, at whose head was Provenzano Salvani. See Canto xi. 121–123.

15. v. 126. I should not yet within Purgatory have diminished my debt of expiation, but, because I delayed repentance till the hour of death, I should still be outside the gate.

16. v. 128. A poor comb-dealer, a man of kind heart,

charity was sorry for me, held me in memory in his holy prayers. But who art thou that goest asking of our conditions, and carryest thine eyes loosed as I think, and breathing dost speak?" "My eyes," said I, "will yet be taken from me here; but for a short time, for small is the offence committed through their being turned with envy. Far greater is the fear, with which my soul is in suspense, of the torment below, and the load down there already weighs upon me." And she to me: "Who then hath led thee up here among us, if thou thinkest to return below?" And I: "This one who is with me, and who says not a word: and I am alive; and therefore ask of me, spirit elect, if thou wouldst that on earth I should yet move for thee my mortal feet." "Oh, this is so strange a thing to hear," she replied, "that it is a great sign that God loves thee; therefore assist me sometimes with thy prayer. And I beseech thee, by that which thou most desirest, that, if ever thou tread the earth of Tuscany, thou restore me to good fame among my kindred. Thou wilt see them among that vain people[17] which hopes in Talamone,[18] and will

honest dealings, and good deeds, and still remembered for them in Siena. He died in 1289.

17. v. 151. Cf. *Hell* xxix. 122.

18. v. 152. A little port on the coast of Tuscany, on

there lose more hope, than in finding the Diana;[19] but the admirals will there lose even more."[20]

which the Sienese wasted toil and money in the vain hope that, by strengthening and enlarging it, they could make themselves rivals at sea of the Pisans and Genoese.

19. v. 153. A subterranean stream supposed to flow beneath the city, which the Sienese often sought in vain to find.

20. v. 154. Of these last words the meaning was obscure even to the earliest commentators.

CANTO XIV

Second Ledge: the Envious. — Guido del Duca. — Rinieri de' Calboli. — Instances of the punishment of Envy.

"WHO is this that circles our mountain ere death have given him flight, and opens and shuts his eyes at his own will?"[1] "I know not who he is, but I know that he is not alone. Do thou, who art nearer to him, ask him; and sweetly, so that he may speak, accost him." Thus two spirits, leaning one to the other, discoursed of me there on the right hand, then turned their faces up to speak to me; and one of them said: "O soul, that still fixed in thy body art going on toward heaven, for charity console us, and tell us whence thou comest, and who thou art; for thou makest us so greatly marvel at this thy grace, as needs must a thing that never was before." And I: "Through

1. v. 3. These words are spoken by Guido del Duca, who is answered by Rinieri de' Calboli; both of them of illustrious family, and men of note and honor in the Romagna, during the thirteenth century. Guido was a Ghibelline, Rinieri a Guelf.

mid Tuscany there wanders a little stream, that has its source on Falterona,[2] and a hundred miles of course does not suffice it. From thereupon I bring this body. To tell you who I am would be to speak in vain, for my name as yet makes no great sound." "If I rightly penetrate thy meaning with my understanding," then replied to me he who had spoken first, "thou speakest of the Arno." And the other said to him: "Why did he conceal the name of that river, even as a man does of horrible things?" And the shade of whom this was asked, delivered itself thus: "I know not, but truly it is fit that the name of such a valley[3] perish, for from its source (where the rugged mountain chain, from which Pelorus is cut off, is so teeming that in few places does it pass beyond that mark[4]), far as there where it renders itself to restore that which heaven sucks up from the sea, whence the rivers have what flows in them, virtue is driven away as an enemy by all men, even as a serpent, either through ill-

2. v. 17. One of the highest of the Tuscan Apennines.

3. v. 30. The valley derives its name from the river.

4. v. 33. The chain of the Apennines,— the backbone of Italy, from which Pelorus, the high northeastern headland of Sicily, seems, as it were, cut off, — is nowhere more teeming with waters than on Monte Falterona, where the Tiber, as well as the Arno, has its source.

fortune of the place, or through evil habit that incites them. Wherefore the inhabitants of the wretched valley have so changed their nature that it seems as though Circe had them in her feeding. Among foul hogs,[5] more fit for acorns than for other food made for human use, it first directs its poor path. Then, coming down, it finds curs,[6] more snarling than their power warrants, and from them disdainfully it twists its muzzle.[7] It goes on falling, and the more it swells so much the more does the accursed and ill-fated ditch find the dogs becoming wolves.[8] Descending then through many hollow depths, it finds the foxes[9] so full of fraud, that they fear not wit which may entrap them. Nor will I cease to speak because another may hear me: and well it will be for this man if hereafter he mind him of that which a spirit of truth discloses to me.

"I see thy grandson,[10] who becomes a hunter

5. v. 43. The people of the Casentino, the upper valley of the Arno.

6. v. 46. The curs of Arezzo.

7. v. 48. Turning westward.

8. v. 50. The wolves of Florence.

9. v. 53. The foxes of Pisa.

10. v. 58. Fulcieri da Calboli, — grandson of Rinieri, to whom Guido del Duca is speaking, — "a fierce and cruel man," was made podestà of Florence in 1302. He put to death many of the White Guelfs, and banished more of them.

of those wolves upon the bank of the fierce stream, and terrifies them all. He sells their flesh,[11] it being yet alive; then he slaughters them like aged cattle; many of life, himself of honor he deprives. Bloody he comes forth from the dismal wood;[12] he leaves it such, that from now for a thousand years it is not rewooded in its primal state."

As at the announcement of grievous ills, the face of him who listens is disturbed, from what quarter soever the peril may assail him, so I saw the other soul, that was staying turned to hear, become disturbed and sad, when it had gathered to itself the words.

The speech of the one and the look of the other made me wishful to know their names, and I made request for it, mixed with prayers. Wherefore the spirit which had first spoken to me began again: "Thou wishest that I condescend to do for thee that which thou wilt not do for me; but since God wills that such great grace of His shine through in thee, I will not be chary to thee; therefore know that I am Guido del Duca. My blood was so inflamed with envy, that had I seen a man becoming joyful, thou wouldst have seen me overspread with hue of spite. Of my own sowing such

11. v. 61. Bribed by the opposite party.
12. v. 64. Florence, spoiled and undone.

straw I reap. O human race, why dost thou set thy heart there where exclusion of a companion is needful? [13]

"This one is Rinier; this is the glory and the honor of the house of Calboli,[14] where no one since has made himself heir of his worth. And between the Po and the mountain, and the sea and the Reno,[15] not his race only has become stripped of the good requisite for truth and for delight; for within these boundaries the land is full of poisonous stocks, so that slowly would they now die out through cultivation. Where is the good Lizio, and Arrigo Mainardi, Pier Traversaro, and Guido di Carpigna? [16] O men of Romagna turned to bastards! When in Bologna will a Fabbro take root again? When

13. v. 87. Why dost thou set thy heart on things which others cannot partake with thee?

14. v. 89. The castle of Calboli, from which the family derived their name, was not far from Forlì. It was destroyed by Guido da Montefeltro in 1277.

15. v. 92. That is, in all Romagna, bordered by the Po, the Apennines, the Adriatic, and the river Reno.

16. v. 98. These and others named afterwards were well-born, honorable, and courteous men in Romagna in the thirteenth century. Benvenuto says that Guido del Duca and Arrigo Mainardi were special friends, and when Arrigo died Guido had the wooden seat, on which they had been accustomed to sit together, sawn apart, declaring that no one remained like him in liberality and honor.

in Faenza a Bernardin di Fosco, the noble scion of a little plant? Marvel not, Tuscan, if I weep, when I remember, with Guido da Prata, Ugolin d' Azzo who lived with us, Federico Tignoso and his company, the house of Traversara, and the Anastagi, (both the one race and the other are without heir), the ladies and the cavaliers, the toils and the repose for which love and courtesy inspired us, there where hearts have become so wicked. O Brettinoro, why dost thou not make away with thyself,[17] since thy family has gone, and many people, in order not to become guilty? Bagnacaval does well that it gets no more sons; and Castrocaro does ill, and Conio worse that it still troubles itself to beget such counts.[18] The Pagani will do well after their Demon shall be gone from them;[19] yet not so that a pure testimony can ever remain to them. O Ugolin de' Fantolin, thy name is secure, since no

17. v. 112. Literally: "why dost thou not flee away." Brettinoro is a small town near Forlì. It was the birthplace of Guido del Duca, and the family to which he refers was, perhaps, his own.

18. v. 117. Bagnacavallo, Castrocaro, and Conio are three little towns in Romagna, which had once been the homes of worthy men.

19. v. 119. The Pagani were lords of Faenza and Imola; the Demon was Maghinardo, who died in 1302. See *Hell*, xxvii. 49–51.

longer is one to be expected who can make it dark by his degeneracy.[20] But go thy way, Tuscan, now; for now it pleases me far more to weep than to speak, so much has our discourse wrung my mind."

We knew that those dear souls heard us go on; therefore by their silence they made us confident of the road. After we had become alone as we proceeded, a voice, that seemed like lightning when it cleaves the air, came counter to us, saying: "Everyone that findeth me shall slay me,"[21] and fled like thunder which rolls away, if suddenly the cloud is rent. Soon as our hearing had a truce from it, lo! now another with so great a crash that it resembled a thunder-clap which follows fast: "I am Aglauros who became a stone."[22] And then to press close to the Poet, I took a step backward and not forward. The air was now quiet on every side, and he said to me: "That[23] was the hard curb which ought to hold a man within his bound; but ye take the bait, so that the hook

20. v. 123. Both the sons of Ugolino de' Fantolin had died without offspring. The Fantolini were of Faenza.

21. v. 133. The words of Cain. *Genesis* iv. 14.

22. v. 139. The daughter of Cecrops, changed to stone, because of envy of her sister.

23. v. 143. These examples of the fatal consequences of the sin of envy.

of the old adversary draws you to him, and therefore little avails bridle or lure. Heaven calls you, and revolves around you, displaying to you its eternal beauties, and your eye looks only on the ground; wherefore He who discerns all things scourges you."

CANTO XV

Second Ledge: the Envious. — An Angel removes the second P from Dante's forehead. — Discourse concerning the Sharing of Good. — Ascent to the Third Ledge: the Wrathful. — Examples of Forbearance seen in Vision.

As much as, between the beginning of the day and the close of the third hour, appears of the sphere which is ever sporting in manner of a child, so much of his course toward the evening appeared to be now remaining for the sun.[1] It was vespers[2] there, and here[3] midnight; and the rays were striking us full in the face,[4] because the mountain had been so circled by us that we

1. v. 5. That is, in simple words, the sun was still some three hours from his setting. By "the sphere that ever is sportive like a child" Dante probably intends the visible sphere of the heavens, which, by its constant apparent gyration and ever varying aspect, might suggest the image of a playful and restless child.

2. v. 6. Dante uses "vespers" as the term for the last of the four canonical divisions of the day; that is, from three to six P. M. See *Convito*, iv. 23. Three o'clock in Purgatory corresponds with midnight in Italy.

3. v. 6. In Italy.

4. v. 7. Literally, "on the middle of the nose."

were now going straight toward the sunset, when I felt my forehead weighed down by the splendor far more than at first, and the things not known were a wonder to me:[5] wherefore I lifted my hands toward the top of my brows, and made for myself the visor which lessens the excess of what is seen.

As when from water, or from a mirror, the ray leaps to the opposite quarter, mounting up in like manner to that in which it descends, and at equal distance departs as much from the fall of the stone,[6] as experiment and art show; so it seemed to me that I was struck by light reflected[7] there in front of me, wherefore my sight was swift to fly. "What is that, sweet Father, from which I cannot screen my sight so much that it may avail me," said I, "and which seems to be moving toward us?" "Marvel not if the family of Heaven still dazzle thee," he replied to me; "it is a messenger that comes to invite one to ascend. Soon will it be that to

5. v. 12. The source of this increase of brightness being unknown, it caused Dante astonishment.

6. v. 20. The angle of reflection of a ray being equal to that of the angle of incidence, the distance of the direct or the reflected ray from the perpendicular — the fall of a plummet — at a given point is the same.

7. v. 22. The light proceeding from the angel seemed as if reflected, because it came from a source lower than the direct rays of the sun.

see these things will not be grievous to thee, but will be to thee a delight as great as nature has fitted thee to feel."

When we had reached the blessed Angel, with a glad voice he said: "Enter ye from here on a stairway far less steep than the others."

We were mounting, already departed thence, and "*Beati misericordes*"[8] was sung behind us, and: "Rejoice thou that overcomest."

My Master and I, we two alone, were going on upward, and I was thinking, as we went, to win profit from his words; and I addressed me to him, enquiring thus: "What did the spirit from Romagna mean, in speaking of 'exclusion' and a 'companion?'"[9] Wherefore he to me: "Of his own greatest fault he knows the harm, and therefore it is not to be wondered at if he rebuke it, in order that there may be less lamenting for it. Because your desires are directed there, where, through companionship, a share is lessened, envy moves the bellows for your sighs. But if the love of the highest sphere[10] turned your desire upward, that fear would not be in your breast; for the more there are who there

8. v. 38. "Blessed are the merciful."

9. v. 44. In the last canto, vv. 86–87, Guido del Duca had exclaimed, "O human race, why dost thou set thy heart there where exclusion of a companion is needful!"

10. v. 52. The Empyrean.

say 'Ours,' so much the more of good doth each possess, and the more of charity burns in that cloister."[11] "I am more empty of satisfaction,"[12] said I, "than if I had at first been silent, and more of doubt I gather in my mind. How can it be that a good distributed can make more possessors richer with itself, than if it be possessed by few?" And he to me: "Because thou fastenest thy mind only on earthly things, thou gatherest darkness from the very light. That infinite and ineffable Good which is on high, runs to love[13] even as a sunbeam comes to a lucid body. So much it gives itself as it finds of ardor; so that how far soever charity extends, over it does the Eternal Valor spread. And the more the people who set their hearts on high the more there are for loving well, and the more love there is, and like a mirror one reflects to the

11. v. 57. "*Charitas addit supra amorem perfectionem quamdam amoris.*" *S. T.* ii.[1] 26. 3.

"Since good, the more
Communicated, the more abundant grows."
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v. 73.

"The secret of virtue is to know that the richer another is the richer am I." Emerson, *Letters to a Friend*, p. 27.

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away."
Shelley, *Epipsychidion*.

12. v. 58. Literally, "I am more fasting of being contented."

13. v. 69. Runs to meet the love which is directed to It.

other. And if my discourse appease not thy hunger, thou shalt see Beatrice, and she will fully take from thee this and every other longing. Strive only that soon may be extinct, as are the two already, the five wounds which are closed up by being painful."[14]

As I was wishing to say: "Thou dost satisfy me:" I saw that I had arrived on the next round,[15] so that my eager eyes made me silent. There it seemed to me I was of a sudden rapt in an ecstatic vision, and saw many persons in a temple, and a lady at the entrance, with the sweet mien of a mother, saying: "My son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee, sorrowing." And as here she was silent, that which first appeared, disappeared.

Then appeared to me another, with those waters down along her cheeks which grief distils when it is born of great despite toward others, and she was saying: "If thou art lord of the city about whose name was such great strife among the gods, and whence every science sparkles forth, avenge thyself on those audacious arms, which have embraced our daughter, O Pisistratus." And the lord appeared to me, benign

14. v. 81. With the pain of penitence.

15. v. 83. The third ledge, on which the sin of anger is expiated.

and mild, to answer her, with temperate look: "What shall we do to him who desires ill for us, if he who loves us is by us condemned?"[16]

Then I saw people inflamed with fire of wrath, killing a youth with stones, loudly crying to each other only: "Slay, slay." And I saw him bowed toward the ground by death, which now was weighing on him, but in such great strife he ever made of his eyes gates for heaven, praying to the high Lord, with that aspect which unlocks pity, that He would pardon his persecutors.[17]

When my mind returned outwardly to the things which outside of it are true, I recognized my not false errors. My Leader, who could see me act like a man who looses himself from slumber, said: "What ails thee, that thou canst not support thyself? but art come more than half a league veiling thine eyes, and with thy legs tangled like one whom wine or slumber bends." "O my sweet Father, if thou harkenest to me I will tell thee," said I, "what appeared to me when my legs were thus taken from me." And he: "If thou hadst a hundred masks upon thy face, thy thoughts, howsoever small, would not be hidden from me. That which thou hast seen was in order that thou excuse not

16. v. 105. This story is from Valerius Maximus, *Facta et dicta mem.*, vi. 1, § 2.

17. v. 114. See *Acts* vii. 55–60.

thyself from opening thy heart to the waters of peace which are poured forth from the eternal fountain. I did not ask: 'What ails thee?' for the reason that he does who looks only with the eye which has no seeing when the body lies inanimate; but I asked, in order to give vigor to thy foot; thus it behoves to spur the sluggards, slow to use their wakefulness when it returns."

We were going on through the vesper time, forward intent so far as the eyes could reach against the late and shining rays; and, lo! little by little, a smoke came toward us, dark as night; nor was there place to shelter ourselves from it. This took from us our eyes and the pure air.

CANTO XVI

Third Ledge : the Wrathful. — Marco Lombardo. — His discourse on Free Will, and the corruption of the World.

Gloom of hell, or of night deprived of every planet, under a poor sky, darkened by clouds as much as it can be, never made so thick a veil to my sight, or of so rough a tissue to my feeling, as that smoke which covered us there; for it suffered not my eye to stay open : [1] wherefore my sage and trusty Escort drew to my side and offered me his shoulder. Even as a blind man goes behind his guide, in order not to stray, and not to butt against anything that may hurt or perhaps kill him, I went along, through the bitter and foul air, listening to my Leader, who was saying only : " Take care that thou be not parted from me."

I heard voices, and each appeared to be praying for peace and for mercy to the Lamb of God that taketh sins away. Only " *Agnus*

1. v. 7. The gloom and the smoke symbolize the effects of anger on the soul.

Dei" [2] were their exordiums: one word there was in all, and one measure; so that there seemed entire concord among them. "Are these spirits, Master, that I hear?" said I. And he to me: "Thou apprehendest truly; and they go loosening the knot of anger." "Now who art thou that cleavest our smoke, and speakest of us even as if thou didst still divide the time by calends?" [3] Thus was it spoken by a single voice: whereon my Master said: "Reply, and ask if by this way one goes up." And I, "O creature, that art cleansing thyself, in order to return beautiful unto Him who made thee, a marvel shalt thou hear if thou accompanyest me." "I will follow thee, for so far as is permitted me," it replied, "and if the smoke allows not seeing, in its stead hearing shall keep us joined." Then I began: "With that swathing band which death unbinds [4] I go upward, and I came hither through the infernal anguish; and since God has so enclosed me in His grace that He wills that I should see His court by a mode wholly out of modern usage, conceal not from me who thou wast before thy death, but tell it to me, and tell me if

2. v. 19. "The Lamb of God."

3. v. 27. By those in the eternal world time is not reckoned by earthly divisions.

4. v. 38. With my mortal body.

I am going rightly to the pass; and let thy words be our escorts." "I was a Lombard, and was called Marco; I had knowledge of the world, and I loved that virtue, toward which every one has now unbent his bow:[5] for mounting upward thou art going rightly." Thus he replied, and added: "I pray thee that thou pray for me when thou shalt be above." And I to him: "I pledge thee my faith to do that which thou askest of me; but I am bursting inwardly with a doubt, if I free not myself of it; at first it was single, and now it is made double by thy opinion which makes certain to me, here and elsewhere, that with which I couple it.[6] The world is indeed as utterly deserted by every virtue as thou declarest to me, and is big and covered with iniquity; but I pray that thou point out to me the cause, so that I may see it, and that I may show it to

5. v. 48. No one now aims at virtue.

6. v. 57. These words may be paraphrased as follows: — "I long for the explanation of a question first suggested by words heard elsewhere, now renewed by what you have said in confirmation of them, whereby I am made certain of the fact of which the cause perplexes me." The doubt or question was occasioned by Guido del Duca's discourse (Canto xiv.), in regard to the prevalence of wickedness in Italy. The fact of the iniquity of men was now reaffirmed by Marco Lombardo; Dante accepts the fact as certain, but is in doubt as to its cause.

others; for one sets it in the heavens, and one here below."[7]

A deep sigh which grief wrung into "Ay me!" he first sent forth, and then he began: "Brother, the world is blind, and thou truly comest from it. Ye who are living refer every cause upward to the heavens only, as though they moved all things with them of necessity. If this were so, free will would be destroyed in you, and there would be no justice in having joy for good, and grief for evil. The heavens initiate your movements, I do not say all of them; but, supposing that I said it, light for good and for evil is given to you, and free will, which, though it endure fatigue in the first battles with the heavens, afterwards, if it be well nurtured, overcomes everything. To a greater force, and to a better nature, ye, free, are subject, and that creates the mind in you, which the heavens have not in their charge.[8] There-

7. v. 63. One attributes it to the planetary influences, and another to the sinfulness of man's nature.

8. v. 81. The soul of man is the direct creation of God, and is in immediate subjection to His power; it is not under control of the heavens, for its will is free to resist their mingled and imperfect influences. Consequently the evil in the world is not to be ascribed to the action of the heavens, but to the perversity of man, and Marco Lombardo now proceeds to show the special cause of the actual evil conditions which he deplores.

fore if the present world go astray, the cause is in you, in you it is to be sought; and of this I will now be a true informant for thee.

"Forth from the hand of Him who delights in it ere it exists, like to a little maid who, weeping and smiling, wantons childishly, issues the simple little soul, which knows nothing, save that, proceeding from a glad Maker, it turns willingly to that which allures it. At first it tastes the savor of trivial good; by this it is deceived and runs after it, if guide or bridle bend not its love. Hence it was needful to impose law as a bridle; needful to have a king who should discern at least the tower of the true city. The laws exist, but who set hand to them? Not one: because the shepherd who is in advance can chew the cud, but has not his hoofs divided:[9] wherefore the people, who see

9. v. 99. The injunction upon the children of Israel, in respect to clean and unclean beasts, contained in the eleventh chapter of Leviticus, verses 3–8: "Whatever parteth the hoof, and is cloven-footed, and cheweth the cud among the beasts, that shall ye eat," but the beasts which divide the hoof and chew not the cud "are unclean to you," was from an early time interpreted allegorically by the doctors of the church, but with various understanding. St. Augustine, for example (Serm. 149) expounds the cloven hoof as typical of right conduct, because it does not easily slip, and the chewing of the cud as typical of wisdom, because Scripture says: "A treasure to be desired rests in the

their guide aim only at that good[10] for which they are greedy, feed upon that, and seek no further. Well canst thou see that the evil guidance is the cause which has made the world guilty, and not that nature is corrupt in you.[11] Rome, which made the world good, was wont to have two Suns,[12] which made visible both one road and the other, that of the world and

mouth of the wise, but the fool swallows it. (It is not clear what passage in Scripture the saint had in mind.)

St. Thomas Aquinas, on the other hand, explains the cloven hoof as signifying, among other things, the distinguishing between good and evil, and the sound understanding of them. And he adds, "Whoso is deficient in either, is spiritually unclean." (*S. T.* ii. 102, 6.)

By saying that "the shepherd who is in advance can chew the cud, but has not his hoofs divided," Marco Lombardo seems to intend that, though the Pope may possess the true doctrine, yet in his acts he does not discriminate between good and evil, seeking temporal power and the material goods for which all men are greedy, instead of those spiritual gifts which he ought to seek.

10. v. 101. Goods of this world.

11. v. 105. It is not to the corruption of human nature in general that the guilt of the world is due, but specifically to the fault of its rulers.

12. v. 107. Pope and Emperor, each with a diverse function and authority, the one of spiritual, the other of temporal rule. This was the main principle in Dante's political creed, and to set this forth is the object of his treatise on the Monarchy. He was not Guelf nor Ghibelline, but both and neither. He made a party by himself.

that of God. One has extinguished the other; and the sword is joined to the crozier;[13] and the two together must perforce go ill, because, being joined, one fears not the other. If thou believest me not, consider the fruit,[14] for every plant is known by its seed.

"In the land which the Adige and the Po water, virtue and courtesy were wont to be found before Frederick had his quarrel;[15] now it may be securely traversed by anyone who, out of shame, would avoid speaking with the good, or drawing near them. Three old men are indeed still there, in whom the antique age rebukes the new, and it seems late to them ere God remove them to a better life; Corrado da Palazzo,[16] and the good Gherardo,[17] and Guido

13. v. 110. The symbol of the shepherd's crook.

14. v. 113. Literally, the spike, the ear of corn; the meaning being, consider the results which follow from this forced union.

15. v. 117. Before the Emperor Frederick II. had his quarrel with the Pope Gregory the Ninth; that is, before Emperor and Pope had failed in their respective duties to each other.

16. v. 124. Corrado da Palazzo was of Brescia, and in his day of high repute for fair living and honorable character.

17. v. 124. Gherardo da Camino, "who was noble in his life, and whose memory will always be noble," says Dante in the *Convito*, iv. 14, 123. Gherardo was a noble soldier of Treviso, and its ruler for many years, till his death in 1306.

da Castel, who is better named, in fashion of the French, the simple Lombard.[18]

"Say thou henceforth, that the Church of Rome, through confounding in itself two modes of rule,[19] falls in the mire, and defiles itself and its burden."

"O my Marco," said I, "thou reasonest well; and now I discern why the sons of Levi were excluded from the heritage;[20] but what Gherardo is that, who, thou sayest, remains for sample of the extinct folk, in reproach of this barbarous age?" "Either thy speech deceives me, or it is making trial of me," he replied to me, "in that, speaking Tuscan to me, it seems that thou knowest naught of the good Gherardo. By other added name I do not know him,

18. v. 126. "The French," says Benvenuto da Imola, "call all Italians Lombards, and repute them very astute." The *Ottimo Comento* relates that Guido da Castello, who lived at Reggio, was accustomed to supply generously the French men-at-arms, returning poor from Italy, with all they needed, horses, arms, or money.

19. v. 128. The spiritual and the temporal.

20. v. 131. "The Lord separated the tribe of Levi, to bear the ark of the covenant of the Lord, to stand before the Lord to minister unto him, and to bless in his name, unto this day. Wherefore Levi hath no part nor inheritance with his brethren; the Lord is his inheritance." *Deuteronomy* x. 8–9. By this reference Dante points out why the Church should be debarred from temporal power and material acquisitions.

unless I should take it from his daughter Gaia.[21] May God be with you! for farther I come not with you. Behold the brightness which rays already whitening through the smoke; and I must needs depart — the Angel is there — before I become apparent to him."[22] So he turned, and would not hear me more.

21. v. 140. Famed for her virtues, says Buti; for her vices, say the *Ottimo* and Benvenuto.

22. v. 144. His time of purgation is not yet finished; not yet is he ready to meet the Angel of the Pass, whose effulgence pierces glimmering through the smoke.

CANTO XVII

Third Ledge : the Wrathful. — Issue from the Smoke. — Vision of instances of punishment of Anger.— Ascent to the Fourth Ledge, where Sloth is purged. — Second Night-fall in Purgatory. — Virgil explains how Love is the root alike of Virtue and of Sin.

RECALL to mind, reader, if ever on the alps a cloud closed round thee, through which thou couldst not see otherwise than the mole through its skin, how, when the humid and dense vapors begin to dissipate, the orb of the sun enters feebly through them ; and thy imagination will be swift in coming to see, how at first I saw again the sun, which was already at its setting. Thus matching mine to the trusty steps of my Master, I issued forth from such a cloud to the rays already dead on the low shores.

O faculty of imagination, that dost sometimes so steal us from outward things that a man heeds it not, although around him a thousand trumpets are sounding, who moves thee if the sense afford thee naught ? A light, which is formed in the heavens, moves thee by itself, or by a will which guides it downward.[1]

1. v. 18. The imagination, if no object of sense excite it,

In my imagination appeared the vestige of the pitilessness of her[2] who changed her form into the bird that most delights in singing. And here was my mind so shut up within itself that from without came nothing which then might be received by it. Then there rained down within my raised fantasy, one crucified,[3] despiteful and fierce in his look, and thus was he dying. Around him were the great Ahasuerus, Esther his wife, and the just Mordecai, who was so blameless in word and deed. And as this image burst of itself, in manner of a bubble for which the water fails, under which it was formed, there rose in my vision a maiden,[4] weeping bitterly, and she was saying: "O queen, wherefore through anger hast thou willed to be

may be roused by the influence of the stars, or directly by the Divine will.

2. v. 19. This and the two following visions presented to Dante's imagination are examples of the punishment of sins committed in the passion of anger. Progne or Philomela, according to one or the other version of the tragic myth, was changed into the nightingale, after her anger had led her to take cruel vengeance on Tereus.

3. v. 26. Haman, who, according to the English version, was hanged, but according to the Vulgate, was crucified. *Esther* vii.

4. v. 34. Lavinia, whose mother, Amata, the wife of King Latinus, hanged herself in a rage at hearing a premature report of the death of Turnus, to whom she desired that Lavinia should be married. *Aeneid*, xii. 595–607.

naught? Thou hast slain thyself in order not to lose Lavinia; now thou hast lost me: I am she that grieves, mother, at thy destruction, before that of another."

As sleep is broken, when of a sudden the new light strikes the closed eyes, and, broken, quivers before it wholly dies, so my imagining fell down, soon as a light, greater by far than that to which we are accustomed, struck my face. I was turning to see where I was, when a voice said: "Here is the ascent:" and this withdrew me from every other object of attention, and made my will so eager to behold who it was that was speaking, that it never rests till it is face to face. But, as before the sun which weighs down our sight, and by excess veils its own shape, so here my power failed. "This is a divine spirit who directs us, without our asking, on the way to go up, and with his own light conceals himself. He so deals with us as a man does with himself; for he who waits for asking and sees the need, malignly sets himself already to denial. Now let us accord our feet to such an invitation; let us press forward to ascend before it grow dark, for after, it would not be possible until the day returns." Thus said my Leader; and I and he turned our steps to a stairway; and, soon as I was on the first step, I felt near me a motion as if of a wing, and a

fanning on my face,[5] and I heard say: "*Beati pacifici*,[6] who are without evil anger."

Already were the last sunbeams, on which the night follows, so lifted above us, that the stars were appearing on many sides. "O my strength, why dost thou so melt away?" I said to myself, for I felt the power of my legs put in truce. We were now where the stair no farther ascended, and we were stayed fast, even as a ship that arrives at the shore: and I listened for a while, if I might hear anything in the new circle. Then I turned to my Master, and said: "My sweet Father, say what offence is purged here in the circle where we are: if our feet be stopped, let not thy discourse be stayed." And he to me: "The love of good, defective in its duty, is here restored;[7] here is plied again the ill-slackened oar. But that thou mayst still more clearly understand, turn thy mind to me, and thou shalt gather some good fruit from our delay.

"Neither Creator nor creature," he began, "my son, was ever without love, either natural,

5. v. 68. By which the angel removes the third P from Dante's brow.

6. v. 69. "Blessed are the peacemakers."

7. v. 86. It is the round on which the sin of *acedia*, accidie, sloth, — slackness and gloom in matters of the spirit, — is purged away.

or of the mind,[8] and this thou knowest. The natural is always without error; but the other may err either through an evil object, or through little, or through too much vigor. While love is directed on the primal goods,[9] and with due measure on the secondary,[10] it cannot be the cause of ill delight. But when it is bent to evil,[11] or runs to good with more zeal, or with less, than it ought, against the Creator his own creature is working. Hence thou canst comprehend that love is of necessity the seed in you of every virtue, and of every action that deserves punishment.

"Now since love can never turn its sight from the welfare of its subject,[12] all things are

8. v. 93. Either native in the soul, or rational, determined by the choice, through free will, of some object of desire in the mind. The love which is instinctive in the nature of man is always good; but the love determined by choice may be evil, either by being set on a wrong object, or by seeking a right one too eagerly, or not eagerly enough.

9. v. 97. The primal goods are God, and future blessedness; the secondary are material things. The love of the primal is natural or instinctive; the love of the secondary is dependent on the mind, or reason, determining the will.

10. v. 98. Literally: "measures itself on the secondary."

11. v. 100. A wrong object of desire.

12. v. 107. To however wrong an object love may be directed, the person moved by love always conceives the object of desire to be for his own good.

secure from hatred of themselves ; and since no being can be conceived of as divided from the First [13] and standing by itself, from hating Him every affection is cut off. It follows, if, thus distinguishing, I rightly judge, that the evil which is loved is that of one's neighbor; and in three modes this love has its birth in your clay. There is he who hopes to excel through the abasement of his neighbor, and only on this account longs that from his greatness he may be brought low.[14] There is he who fears loss of power, favor, honor, and fame, because another surmounts ; whereat he is so saddened that he loves the contrary.[15] And there is he who seems so resentful for injury that he becomes greedy of vengeance, and such a one must needs coin harm for others.[16] This triform love is wept for down below.[17]

" Now I would that thou hear of the other, — that which runs to the good in faulty measure. Every one confusedly conceives of a

13. v. 110. God, the First Cause, the source of being.

14. v. 117. This is the nature of pride, which is the love of superiority to one's neighbor.

15. v. 120. The fear of suffering by another's rise is the source of envy, which is the love of the ill success of one's neighbor.

16. v. 123. Anger is the love of doing harm to one's neighbor from whom one has suffered wrong.

17. v. 124. In the three lower rounds of Purgatory.

good [18] in which the mind may be at rest, and desires it; wherefore every one strives to attain to it. If the love be slack that draws you to look on this, or to acquire it, this cornice, after just repentance, torments you for it. Another good there is,[19] which does not make man happy; it is not happiness, it is not the good essence, the fruit and root of every good. The love which abandons itself too much to this [20] is wept for above us in three circles; but how it is reckoned tripartite, of this I am silent, in order that thou seek it out for thyself."

18. v. 127. The supreme good.
19. v. 133. Sensual enjoyment.
20. v. 136. Resulting in the sins of avarice, gluttony, and lust.

CANTO XVIII

Fourth Ledge: The Slothful. — Discourse of Virgil on Love and Free Will. — Throng of Spirits running in haste to redeem their Sin. — The Abbot of San Zeno. — Instances of punishment of Sloth. — Dante falls asleep.

The lofty Teacher had put an end to his discourse, and was looking attentive on my face to see if I appeared content; and I, whom a fresh thirst was already goading, was silent outwardly, and was saying within: "Perhaps the too much questioning I make annoys him." But that true Father, who perceived the timid wish which did not disclose itself, by speaking gave me boldness to speak. Whereupon I: "Master, my sight is so vivified in thy light, that I discern clearly all that thy discourse imports or describes: therefore I pray thee, sweet Father dear, that thou expound to me the love to which thou referrest every good deed and its contrary." "Direct," he said, "toward me the keen eyes of the understanding, and the error of the blind who make themselves leaders will be manifest to thee.

"The mind, which is created apt to love, is mobile unto everything that pleases, so soon as by pleasure it is roused to action. Your faculty of apprehension draws an image from a real existence, and displays it within you, so that it makes the mind turn to it; and if, thus turned, the mind incline toward it, that inclination is love; it is nature which is bound anew in you by pleasure.[1] Then, as the fire moves upward by virtue of its form, which is born to ascend thither where it most abides in its own matter,[2]

1. v. 27. In his discourse in the preceding canto, Virgil has declared that neither the Creator nor his creatures are ever without love: in the creature it is either native in the soul and directed to the highest good, or it proceeds from the attraction of the mind toward secondary objects. Here he explains how the mind is disposed to love, by inclination to an image within itself of some object which gives it pleasure. This inclination is natural to it; or in his difficult rhyme-word phrase, "nature is bound anew" in man by the pleasure which arouses the love. "Love," says Dante, in the *Convito*, iii. 2, "taken in its true sense, and considered subtly, is nothing else than the spiritual union of the soul and of the object beloved, to which union the soul, of its own proper nature, runs swiftly or slowly, according as it is free or hindered." The doctrine in this canto is derived directly from St. Thomas Aquinas. "It is the property of every nature to have some inclination, which is a natural appetite, or love." *S. T.* i. lxxvi. i. "The first act of the will is love, says the School, for till the will love, till it would have something, it is not a will." Donne, *Sermon* xxiii.

2. v. 30. Form is here used in its scholastic meaning.

so the captive mind enters into longing, which is a spiritual motion, and never rests until the thing beloved makes it rejoice. Now it may be apparent to thee, how far the truth is hidden from the people who aver that every love is in itself a laudable thing, because, perchance, its subject-matter always appears to be good;[3] but not every seal is good although the wax be good."

"Thy words, and my wit following them," replied I to him, "have revealed love to me; but that has made me more big with doubt. For

"The active power of anything depends on its form, which is the principle of its action. For the form is either the nature itself of the thing, as in those which are pure form; or it is a constituent of the nature of the thing, as in those which are composed of matter and form." *S. T.* 3. xiii. i. Fire, by virtue of its form, or active principle, seeks to return to its source in the elemental sphere of fire, which was supposed to exist between the sphere of the air and that of the moon.

3. v. 37. Because the subject-matter, that is the object of the love, appears good, this is no proof that it is so in reality. An evil object may appear good and may excite love. "Evil as evil," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "does not move the will, but only as it is esteemed good." *S. T. Suppl.* 98. 1; cf. i. 19. 9; i. 82. 2; ii.[1] 27. 1. Dr. Franklin, in his excellent little essay "On true Happiness," 1735, says the same thing in words which afford a perfect comment on this passage: "Evil as evil can never be chosen; and though evil is often the effect of our choice, yet we never desire it but under the appearance of an imaginary good."

if love be offered to us from without, and if the soul go not with other foot, it is not her own merit if she go strait or crooked."[4] And he to me: "So much as reason sees here can I tell thee; beyond that await still for Beatrice; for it is a work of faith. Every substantial form that is distinct from matter, or that is united with it,[5] has a specific virtue collected in itself which is not perceived unless in operation, nor does it show itself save by its effect, as by green leaves the life in a plant. Therefore, man does not know whence the intelligence of the first cognitions comes, nor whence the affection for the first objects of desire, which exist in you even as zeal in the bee for making honey; and this first will admits not desert of praise or blame.[6] Now in order that to this every other

4. v. 45. If love be aroused in the soul by an external object, and if it be natural to the soul to love, how, seeing that she has no other course, does she deserve praise or blame for loving?

5. v. 50. A substance, according to the Schoolmen, is *ens per se subsistens* (*S. T.* i. 3. 5), "a being or thing possessing individual existence;" the substantial form *dat esse substantiale*, (*S. T.* i. 76. 4) "gives to the substance its nature or mode of existence." Thus the soul is the substantial form of man (*Id.*); it is distinct from the body but united with it.

6. v. 60. This first will is the natural love of the primal goods, which is always without error, of which Virgil has spoken in the preceding canto, vv. 91–97.

may be gathered,[7] the virtue that counsels[8] is innate in you, and ought to hold the threshold of assent. This is the principle wherefrom the reckoning of desert in you is derived, according as it gathers in and winnows good and evil loves. Those who in reasoning went to the foundation, took note of this innate liberty, wherefore they bequeathed morals[9] to the world. If we assume, then, that every love which is kindled within you arises of necessity, in you exists the power to restrain it. This noble faculty Beatrice understands as free will, and therefore see that thou have it in mind, if she take to speaking of it with thee." [10]

The moon, almost at midnight slow,[11] shaped like a bucket[12] that is all ablaze, was making

7. v. 61. In order that every other will may conform with the first, that is, with the natural love for the first objects of desire.

8. v. 62. The innate faculty of reason, "the virtue which counsels" and on which the direction of the free will depends, is "the specific virtue" (v. 49) of the soul.

9. v. 68. The rules of that morality which would have no existence were it not for freedom of the will.

10. v. 75. Beatrice discourses of Free Will in the fifth canto of *Paradise*, vv. 19–24.

11. v. 76. The hour was toward midnight, and the moon, now near two hours up, was to appearance moving slowly, and, though past her full, was still so bright as to dim the stars.

12. v. 78. Gibbous, like certain buckets still in use in Italy.

the stars appear fewer to us, and was running counter to the heavens [13] along those paths which the sun inflames, when a man at Rome sees it at its setting between Sardinia and Corsica; [14] and that noble shade, for whom Pietola [15] is more famed than the Mantuan city, had laid down the burden of my loading: [16] so that I, who had harvested his open and plain discourse upon my questions, remained like a man, who, drowsy, wanders. But this drowsiness was taken from me suddenly by folk, who, behind our backs, had now come round to us. And such a fury and a throng as Ismenus and Asopus saw of old along their banks at night if but the Thebans were in need of Bacchus,[17] such curves its way along that circle, according to what I saw, of those coming on whom good will and right love are riding. They were soon upon us; because all that great crowd was moving at a

13. v. 79. These words describe the daily "backing of the moon through the signs from west to east." Moore, *Time References*, p. 104.

14. v. 81. These islands are invisible from Rome, but the line that runs from Rome between them is a little south of east.

15. v. 83. The modern name of Andes, the birthplace of Virgil, and therefore more famous than Mantua itself.

16. v. 84. With which I had laden him.

17. v. 93. The rivers Ismenus and Asopus ran not far from Thebes, the birthplace of Bacchus, who was its tutelary deity.

run; and two in front, weeping, were crying out: "Mary ran with haste unto the mountain;" [18] and: "Cæsar, to subdue Ilerda, thrust at Marseilles, and then ran on to Spain." [19] "Swift, swift, that time be not lost by little love," the others were crying as they followed, "so that zeal in well-doing may make grace green again." [20] "O people, in whom keen fervor now perhaps redeems negligence and delay, shown by you through lukewarmness in well-doing, this one who is alive (and surely I do not lie to you) wishes to go up, if but the sun may shine again for us; therefore tell us where is the opening near at hand." These words were of my Leader; and one of those spirits said: "Come thou behind us, and thou wilt find the gap. We are so full of will to move on that we cannot stay; therefore pardon, if thou hold our duty for churlishness. I was Abbot [21] of San Zeno at Verona, under the empire of the good Barbarossa,[22] of whom Milan, still grieving,

18. v. 100. "And Mary . . . went into the hill country with haste." *Luke* i. 39.

19. v. 102. Examples of righteous zeal, and, as usual, taken one from sacred and one from profane history.

20. v. 105. That grace which negligence had withered.

21. v. 118. Unknown, save for this mention of him.

22. v. 119. The epithet "good," applied here to the Emperor Frederick I. Barbarossa, belongs to him as the repre-

talks. And one there is who has one foot already in the grave,[23] who soon shall lament on account of that monastery, and will be sorry for having had power over it; because in place of its true shepherd he has put his son, ill in his whole body and worse in mind, and who was evil-born." I know not if he said more, or if he were silent, so far beyond us had he already run on; but this I heard, and to retain it pleased me.

And he who was at every need my succor, said: "Turn thee this way; see two of them coming, giving a bite to sloth." In rear of all they were saying: "The people for whom the sea was opened were dead before the Jordan beheld his inheritors;"[24] and: "They who

sentative in Dante's mind of the Empire, established by God to rule the earth with justice and in peace. It was in March, $116\frac{2}{3}$, that Barbarossa captured and destroyed Milan.

23. v. 121. Alberto della Scala, lord of Verona; he died in 1301. He had forced upon the monastery for its abbot his deformed and depraved illegitimate son. It is the rule of the Church, based on the injunction of the Lord to Moses (*Leviticus* xxi. 16–23), that no deformed person shall be admitted to the priesthood.

24. v. 135. *Numbers* xiv. 23–33. "For the children of Israel walked forty years in the wilderness, till all the people that were men of war, which came out of Egypt, were consumed, because they obeyed not the voice of the Lord." *Joshua* v. 6.

endured not the toil even to the end with the son of Anchises, offered themselves to a life without glory." [25]

Then when those shades were so far parted from us that they could no more be seen, a new thought set itself within me, from which many others and diverse were born; and I so rambled from one to another that, with the wandering, I closed my eyes, and transmuted my meditation into dream.

25. v. 138. Those of the Trojans who, weary of the trials of the long voyage, and fearing the dangers of the way, — *animos nil magnæ laudis egentes;* "souls that cared not for great praise," — left Aeneas, to remain with Acestes in Sicily. *Aeneid*, v. 700–778.

CANTO XIX

Fourth Ledge: the Slothful. — Dante dreams of the Siren. — The Angel of the Pass. — Ascent to the Fifth Ledge. — The Avaricious. — Pope Adrian V.

At the hour when the heat of day, vanquished by the Earth or sometimes by Saturn,[1] can no longer warm the coldness of the moon, — when the geomancers see in the east, before the dawn, their Greater Fortune[2] rising along a path which short while stays dark for it, — there came to me in dream[3] a woman, stammering, with

1. v. 3. Toward dawn, when the warmth of the preceding day is exhausted, and when Saturn may exert its supposed frigid influence.

2. v. 4. Geomancy is divination by an arrangement of points on the ground, or of pebbles, in certain figures which have special names. One of them, in this form, ⁝ ⁝ · ·, was called the Greater Fortune; and a figure, more or less resembling this, is formed by some of the last stars of Aquarius and some of the first of Pisces. These are the signs that immediately precede Aries, in which the Sun now was, and the stars forming the figure of the Greater Fortune would be in the east about two hours before sunrise.

3. v. 7. The hour when this dream comes to Dante is "*post mediam noctem . . . cum somnia vera*," — toward

eyes asquint, and crooked on her feet, with hands lopped off, and pallid in her color. I gazed at her; and as the sun comforts the cold limbs which the night benumbs, so did my look make her tongue nimble, and then in short while set her wholly straight, and so colored her wan face as love requires. Then, when thus she had her speech unloosed, she began to sing, so that with difficulty should I have turned my attention from her. "I am," she sang, "I am the sweet Siren, who bewitch the mariners in mid sea, so full am I of pleasantness to hear. I turned Ulysses from his wandering way by my song;[4] and whoso customs himself with me seldom departs, so wholly do I satisfy him."

Not yet was her mouth closed, when at my side a Lady[5] appeared, holy and ready to put

the morning, in which it was believed that dreams have a true meaning (compare *Hell*, xxvi. 7). The woman seen by Dante is the deceitful Siren, who symbolizes the temptation to those sins of sense from which the spirits are purified in the three upper rounds of Purgatory. At first the temptation is recognized in its true features, then the fancy decks it with the allurements of sensual delight, and finally, under the influence of Grace, the Reason reveals the essential foulness of the sin.

4. v. 22. There is no classical authority for this claim of the Siren.

5. v. 26. This lady may be the type of the conscience,

her to confusion. "O Virgil, O Virgil, who is this?" she sternly said; and he came with his eyes fixed only on that modest one. She took hold of the other, and in front she opened her, rending her garments, and showed me her belly; this waked me with the stench that issued from it. I turned my eyes to the good Master: "At least three calls have I given thee," he said; "arise and come on; let us find the gate through which thou mayst enter."

I rose up, and all the circles of the sacred mountain were already full of the high day, and we went on with the new sun at our backs.[6] Following him, I was bearing my forehead like one who has it laden with thought, and who makes of himself a half arch of a bridge, when I heard: "Come ye! here is the passage," spoken

virtus intellectualis, that calls reason to rescue the tempted soul.

6. v. 39. It is full daylight as the poets are about to enter on the fifth ledge, where Avarice and Prodigality are punished. "Observe here the admirable fitness with which Dante times his progress, so that the time spent in the cornice where Accidia, or Spiritual Sloth, is punished is exactly coincident with the hours of night — 'the night when no man can work.' He enters it as darkness comes on (as we read in xvii. 70–72) and leaves it next morning, as soon as he awakes with the *nuovo sol* (xix. 39), being mildly chided by Virgil for the length of his slumbers (xix. 34). . . . In each of the other cornices he spends from three to five hours." Moore, *Time References*, p. 106.

in a mode soft and benign, such as is not heard in this mortal region. With open wings, which seemed as of a swan, he who had thus spoken to us turned us upward, between two walls of the hard rock. Then he moved his pinions, and fanned us, affirming *qui lugent*[7] to be blessed, for they shall have their souls mistresses of consolation.[8]

"What ails thee that thou gazest only on the ground?" my Guide began to say to me, both of us having mounted up a little from the Angel. And I: "With such mistrust a recent vision makes me go, which bends me to itself so that I cannot withdraw me from the thought of it." "Hast thou seen," said he, "that ancient sorceress, who above us henceforth is alone lamented?[9] Hast thou seen how from her man is unbound? Let it suffice thee, and strike thy heels on the ground;[10] turn upward thine

7. v. 50. "They that mourn."

8. v. 51. The meaning seems to be, "they shall be possessed of comfort." *Donne* (Lat. *dominae*, i. e. "mistresses") is a rhyme-word, and affords an instance of a straining of the meaning compelled by the rhyme.

9. v. 59. The sorceress who symbolises the pleasures of the senses, the lust for which is purged away in the three upper rounds of Purgatory which the poets have yet to traverse.

10. v. 61. Hasten thy steps, bending not thy head to earth.

eyes to the lure which the eternal King whirls with the great circles." [11]

Even as the falcon that first looks at his feet, then turns at the cry, and stretches forward, through desire of the food that draws him thither; such I became, and such, so far as the rock is cleft to afford a way to him who goes up, did I go on to where the circling is begun. [12] When I had come forth on the fifth round, I saw people upon it who were weeping, lying on the earth all turned downwards. "*Adhaesit pavimento anima mea*," [13] I heard them saying with such deep sighs that the words were hardly understood. "O elect of God, whose sufferings both justice and hope make less hard, direct us toward the high ascents." "If ye come secure from the lying down, and wish to find the way most speedily, let your right hands be always outermost." [14] Thus the Poet prayed, and thus was answer made to us from a little in advance of us; wherefore I, in his speaking, marked the one who was hidden; [15] and then I

11. v. 63. Compare xiv. 148–150.

12. v. 69. The level of the fifth cornice.

13. v. 73. "My soul cleaveth unto the dust." *Psalm* cxix. 25.

14. v. 61. That is, keep steadily to the right, so that your right hands will be toward the outer edge of the cornice.

15. v. 84. The face of the speaker, turned to the ground, was concealed.

turned my eyes to my Lord: whereon he granted me, with cheerful sign, that which my look of desire was asking.

Then, when I could do with myself according to my pleasure, I drew me above that creature, whose words had first made me note him, saying: "Spirit, in whom weeping matures that[16] without which one can not turn to God, suspend a little for me thy greater care. Tell me who thou wast; and why ye have your backs turned upward; and if thou wouldst have me obtain aught for thee there whence I alive set forth." And he to me: "Why heaven turns to itself our backs thou shalt know; but first, *scias quod ego fui successor Petri.*[17] Between Sestri and Chiaveri[18] descends a beautiful stream,[19] and of its name the title of my race makes its boast.[20] One month and little more I proved how the great mantle weighs on him who guards it from the mire, so that all the

16. v. 92. The fruit of repentance in the purgation of the soul.

17. v. 99. "Know that I was a successor of Peter." This was the Pope Adrian V., Ottobono de' Fieschi, who died in 1276, having been Pope for thirty-eight days.

18. v. 100. Little towns on the Genoese sea-coast.

19. v. 101. The Lavagna, from which stream the Fieschi derived their title of Counts of Lavagna.

20. v. 103. Literally, "makes its summit." The forced image seems compelled by the need of the rhyme.

other burdens seem a feather. My conversion, alas! was tardy; but when I became the Roman Shepherd, then I discovered how false is life. I saw that there the heart was not at rest; nor was it possible to rise higher in that life; wherefore the love of this was kindled in me. Up to that time I had been a wretched soul and parted from God, wholly avaricious; now, as thou seest, I am punished for it here. That which avarice does is displayed here in the purgation of these converted souls, and the Mountain has no more bitter penalty.[21] Even as our eye, fixed upon earthly things, was not lifted on high, so justice here has sunk it to earth. As avarice quenched our love for every good, whereby our working was lost, so justice here holds us close, bound and captive in feet and hands; and, so long as it shall be the pleasure of the just Lord, so long shall we stay immovable and outstretched."

I had knelt down and was about to speak; but as I began, and he became aware, only by listening, of my reverence: "What cause," said he, "has bent thee thus downward?" And I to him: "Because of your dignity my conscience stung me for standing." "Straighten thy legs, lift thee up, brother," he replied;

21. v. 117. Others may be greater, but none more humiliating.

*

"err not, I am fellow servant of One Power with thee and with the rest."[22] If ever thou hast understood that holy gospel sound which says *neque nubent*,[23] thou mayst well see why I speak thus. Now go thy way; I wish not that thou tarry longer; for thy stay hinders my weeping, with which I mature that which thou hast said.[24] A niece I have on earth who is named Alagia,[25] good in herself, if only our house make her not wicked by example; and she alone remains to me yonder."[26]

22. v. 135. "And I fell at his feet to worship him. And he said unto me, See thou do it not: I am thy fellow servant." *Revelation* xix. 10.

23. v. 137. "They neither marry." *Matthew* xxii. 30. The distinctions of earth do not exist in the spiritual world.

24. v. 141. "That without which one cannot turn to God," v. 92.

25. v. 142. Alagia was the wife of the Marquis Moroello Malaspina. See Canto viii. 118–132. Dante had probably seen her in 1306, when he was a guest of the house, in the Lunigiana.

26. v. 145. Not that she was his only living relative, but the only one whose prayers, coming from a good heart, would avail him.

CANTO XX

Fifth Ledge: the Avaricious. — The Spirits celebrate examples of Poverty and Bounty. — Hugh Capet. — His discourse on his descendants. — Trembling of the Mountain.

AGAINST a better will the will fights ill: wherefore against my own pleasure, in order to please him, I drew from the water the sponge not full.

I moved on; and my Leader moved on through the spaces vacant only alongside of the rock, as upon a wall one goes close to the battlements; for, on the other side, the folk, who through their eyes are pouring out drop by drop the evil that possesses all the world, approach too near the edge.[1]

Accursed be thou, old she-wolf, that more than all the other beasts hast prey, because of thy hunger hollow without end! O Heaven! by whose revolution it seems that some believe conditions here below are transmuted, when

1. v. 9. Too close to the outer edge of the cornice to leave a space for walking.

will he come through whom she shall depart?[2]

We were going on with slow and scanty steps, and I attentive to the shades whom I heard piteously lamenting and bewailing; and by chance I heard: "Sweet Mary," cried out in front of us in the lament, just as a woman does who is in travail; and in continuance: "So poor wast thou as may be seen by that inn where thou didst lay down thy holy burden." Following this I heard: "O good Fabricius,[3] thou didst wish rather for virtue with poverty, than to possess great riches with vice." These words were so pleasing to me that I drew myself farther on, to have acquaintance with that spirit from whom they seemed to come. It was speaking now of the largess which Nicholas[4]

2. v. 14. The old she-wolf is avarice, the same who at the outset (*Hell*, i. 49–54) had driven Dante back and made him lose hope of the height. The He whose coming is longed for is the hound who shall chase her back to Hell. (*Id.* i. 101–111.) The likeness of the two passages is striking.

3. v. 25. Caius Fabricius, the famous poor and incorruptible Roman consul, who rejected the bribes of the Samnites, B. C. 282. Dante extols his worth also in the *Convito*, iv. 5.

4. v. 32. St. Nicholas, Bishop of Mira, who, according to the legend, knowing that, because of the poverty of their father, three maidens were exposed to the risk of leading lives of dishonor, threw secretly, at night, into the window of their house, money enough to provide each with a dowry.

made to the damsels in order to lead their youth to honor. "O soul that speakest so much good," said I, "tell me who thou wast, and why thou alone dost renew these worthy praises? Thy words will not be without meed, if I return to complete the short journey of that life which is flying to its end." And he: "I will tell thee, not for comfort that I may expect from yonder,[5] but because so great grace shines in thee ere thou art dead. I was the root of the evil plant which overshadows all the Christian land,[6] so that good fruit is seldom plucked from it. But if Douai, Lille, Ghent, and Bruges had power, there would soon be vengeance on it;[7] and I implore it from him who judges all things. Yonder I was called Hugh Capet: of me are born the Philips and the Louises, by whom of late France has been ruled. I was the son of a butcher of Paris.[8] When the ancient kings had all died out, save

5. v. 41. The earth.

6. v. 44. The spirit which is speaking is that of Hugh Capet, whose descendants in 1300 were ruling France, Spain, and Naples.

7. v. 47. Philip the Fair gained possession of Flanders, by force and fraud, in 1299; but in 1302 the French were driven out of the country, after the fatal defeat at Courtrai, here dimly prophesied.

8. v. 52. Dante here follows the incorrect popular tradition.

one, betaken to gray vestments,[9] I found the bridle of the government of the realm fast in my hands, and so much power of new acquest, and such fullness of friends, that to the widowed crown the head of my son was promoted, from whom the consecrated bones [10] of these began.

"So long as the great dowry of Provence [11] took not shame away from my race, it was little worth, but still it did not ill. Then it began its rapine with force and with falsehood; and, after, for amends,[12] it took Ponthieu and Normandy and Gascony; Charles [13] came to Italy, and, for amends, made a victim of Conradin,[14]

9. v. 54. Who had become a monk. The reference is obscure, and, indeed, throughout the speech of Capet, there is a confusion of personages and events which affords a field for the industry of commentators.

10. v. 60. An ironical reference to the ceremony of consecration at the coronation of the kings.

11. v. 61. This territory came to the royal family of France through the marriage in 1246 of Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis (Louis IX.), with Beatrice, the heiress of Raymond Berenger IV., Count of Provence. See *Paradise*, vi. 133–135.

12. v. 65. The bitterness of Dante's irony is explained by the evil part which France had played in Italian affairs.

13. v. 67. Of Anjou.

14. v. 68. The youthful grandson of Frederick II., who, striving to wrest Naples and Sicily, his hereditary possessions, from the hands of Charles of Anjou, was defeated and taken prisoner by him in 1267, and put to death by him in 1268. His fate excited great compassion.

and then pushed Thomas [15] back to heaven, for amends. A time I see, not long after this day, which draws another Charles [16] forth from France to make both himself and his the better known. Unarmed he goes out thence alone, but with the lance with which Judas jousted ; [17] and that he thrusts so that he makes the paunch of Florence burst. Thereby he will gain not land,[18] but sin and shame so much the heavier for himself, as he the lighter reckons such harm. The other,[19] who once went forth a prisoner from his ship, I see selling his daughter, and bargaining over her, as do the corsairs with other female slaves. O Avarice, what more canst thou

15. v. 69. Charles was believed to have had St. Thomas Aquinas poisoned, on his journey from Naples to the Council of Lyons, in 1274.

16. v. 71. Charles of Valois, brother of Philip the Fair, sent by Boniface VIII., in 1301, to Florence as peacemaker. But there he wrought great harm, and siding with the Black party against the Whites, many of the latter, including Dante, were driven into exile.

17. v. 74. The lance of treachery.

18. v. 76. A reference to his nickname of *Senza terra*, or Lackland.

19. v. 79. The other Charles, Charles II., son of Charles of Anjou. In 1284 he was made captive in a sea fight, off Naples, by Ruggieri di Loria, the Admiral of Peter III. of Aragon. In 1300, or 1305, according to common report, he sold his young daughter in marriage to the old Azzo, Marquis of Este.

do with us, since thou hast so drawn my race unto thyself that it cares not for its own flesh? In order that the ill to come and that already done may seem the less, I see the Fleur-de-lis entering Alagna, and in his Vicar Christ made captive.[20] I see him mocked a second time; I see the vinegar and the gall renewed, and, between living thieves,[21] Him put to death. I see the new Pilate [22] so cruel that this does not sate him, but, without decretal, he bears his covetous sails into the Temple.[23] O my Lord, when shall I be glad in seeing the vengeance which, hidden in thy secret, makes thine anger sweet?

20. v. 87. Notwithstanding Dante's hostility to Boniface VIII., the worst crime of the house of France was, in his eyes, the seizure of the Pope at Anagni, in 1303, by Guillaume de Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna, the emissaries of Philip the Fair.

21. v. 90. Put to death between *living* thieves represents "to us Boniface as it were crucified between Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna, who were standing on either side of him, mocking and insulting him, yet still *vivi*." Moore, *Textual Criticism*, p. 396. Boniface died about a month after being made captive.

22. v. 91. Dante thus terms Philip, because through his means Boniface was delivered into the hands of his deadly enemies.

23. v. 93. The suppression of the Order of the Temple, in 1312; "without decretal," that is, without legitimate authority, but instigated by covetous desire to get possession of the wealth of the order.

"That which I was saying of that only bride of the Holy Spirit,[24] and which made thee turn toward me for some gloss, is the response to all our prayers [25] so long as the day lasts, but when the night comes, we take up instead thereof a contrary sound. Then we rehearse Pygmalion,[26] whom his gluttonous longing for gold made a traitor and a thief and a parricide; and the misery of the avaricious Midas, which followed on his greedy demand, at which one needs must always laugh.[27] Then of the foolish Achan each bethinks himself, how he stole the spoils, so that the anger of Joshua seems still to sting him here.[28] Then we accuse Sapphira with her husband;[29] we praise the kicks that Heliodorus received,[30] and in infamy Polymnestor who slew Polydorus [31] circles the whole mountain. Finally

24. v. 98. The Virgin, when Dante first heard him.

25. v. 100. The words, which like the chanted response, follow all our prayers.

26. v. 103. The brother of Dido, and the murderer of her husband for the sake of his riches. *Aeneid*, i. 353–54.

27. v. 108. Midas, the king of Phrygia, whose prayer to Bacchus was granted, that everything he touched should turn to gold. Ovid, *Met.* xi. 85–145.

28. v. 111. Achan stole and hid part of the accursed spoils of Jericho. *Joshua* vii.

29. v. 112. *Acts* v. 1–11.

30. v. 113. For his attempt to plunder the treasury of the Temple. *Maccabees* iii. 25.

31. v. 115. Priam had entrusted Polydorus, his young-

our cry here is: 'Crassus, tell us, for thou knowest, what is the taste of gold?'[32] Sometimes one speaks loud, and another low, according to the affection which spurs us to speak now at a greater, and now at a less pace. Therefore in the good which by day is discoursed of here, I was not alone just now, but here near by no other person was raising his voice."

We had already departed from him, and were striving to master the road so far as was permitted to our power, when I felt the mountain tremble, like a thing that is falling; whereupon a chill seized me, such as is wont to seize him who is going to death. Surely Delos was not shaken so violently, before Latona made her nest therein, to give birth to the two eyes of heaven.[33] Then from all sides such a cry began

est son, to Polymnestor, King of Thrace, who, when the fortunes of Troy declined, slew Polydorus, that he might take possession of the treasure sent with him. Cf. *Hell*, xxx. 18.

32. v. 117. Marcus Licinius Crassus, triumvir with Caesar and Pompey, B. C. 60; famed as the richest and most avaricious of men; having been defeated by the Parthians, B. C. 53, he was slain, and their king is reported to have poured molten gold down his throat in derision, with the words: "Thou hast thirsted for gold, now drink it."

33. v. 132. Delos was a floating island, tossed upon the waves, until Jupiter fixed it that it might serve for the birthplace of Apollo and Diana, the divinities of Sun and Moon. Ovid, *Met.* vi. 187–191.

that the Master drew towards me, saying: "Distrust not, while I guide thee." "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*,"[34] all were saying, by what I comprehended from near at hand where the cry could be understood. We stood, motionless and in suspense, like the shepherds who first heard that song, until the trembling ceased, and the song was ended. Then we resumed our holy journey, looking at the shades that were lying on the ground, returned already to their wonted plaint. No ignorance ever with so great a war made me desirous of knowing[35] — if my memory err not in this — as that which I seemed then to have in my thought: nor, for our haste, did I dare to ask, nor of myself could I discern anything there: so I went on timid and thoughtful.

34. v. 136. "Glory to God in the highest."

35. v. 146. Dante seems to have had in mind the words in the *Wisdom of Solomon* xiv. 22. "They lived in the great war of ignorance," or, according to the Vulgate, *in magno viventes inscientiae bello*.

CANTO XXI

Fifth Ledge: the Avaricious. — Statius. — Cause of the trembling of the Mountain. — Statius does honor to Virgil.

The natural thirst,[1] which is never satisfied save with the water[2] whereof the poor woman of Samaria besought the grace, was tormenting me, and haste was goading me along the encumbered way behind my Leader, and I was grieving at the just vengeance: and lo! as Luke writes for us that Christ, now risen forth from the sepulchral cave, appeared to the two who were on the way, a shade appeared to us; and it was coming behind us who were looking at the crowd that lay at our feet: nor were we aware of it, so it spoke first, saying, "My brothers, may God give you peace!" We

1. v. 1. "According to that buoyant and immortal sentence with which Aristotle begins his Metaphysics, 'All mankind naturally desire knowledge.'" Matthew Arnold, *God and the Bible*, ch. iv. This sentence of Aristotle is cited by Dante in the first chapter of the *Convito*.

2. v. 2. The living water of truth. *John* iv. 13–15.

turned suddenly, and Virgil gave back to it the salutation which corresponds thereto;[3] then he began: "In the assembly of the blest, may the righteous court, which relegates me into eternal exile, place thee in peace." "How," said it, — and meanwhile we went on steadily, — "if ye are shades that God deigns not on high, who has guided you so far along his stairs?" And my Teacher: "If thou regard the marks which this one bears, and which the Angel traces, thou wilt clearly see that he is to reign with the good. But, because she who spins day and night[4] had not for him yet drawn the distaff off, which Clotho loads for each one and compacts, his soul, which is thy sister and mine, coming upwards, could not come alone, because it sees not after our fashion. Wherefore I was drawn from out the ample throat of Hell to show him, and I shall show him so far on as my teaching can lead him. But tell us, if thou knowest, why just now the mountain gave such shocks, and why all seemed to cry with one voice,[5] even

3. v. 15. To the salutation, "Peace be with you," the due answer is, "And with thy spirit."

4. v. 25. Lachesis, that one of the Fates who spins the thread of life from off the distaff, on which Clotho lays and compacts the flax.

5. v. 35. All the spirits seeming to join in the *Gloria in Excelsis*.

down to its moist feet." Thus asking he shot for me through the needle's eye of my desire, so that only with the hope my thirst became less craving.

The shade began: "The sacred rule of the mountain can feel nothing which is without due order, or which is beyond its wont. This place is free from every alteration; that which from itself heaven receives into itself, and naught else, can be the cause of this[6]: because neither rain, nor hail, nor snow, nor dew, nor frost, falls higher up than the little stairway of the three short steps;[7] clouds, thick or thin, appear not; nor lightning, nor the daughter of Thaumas[8] who yonder often changes her quarter; dry vapor does not rise farther up than to the highest of the three steps of which I spoke, whereon the vicar of Peter has his feet. It trembles perhaps lower down, little or much; but up here

6. v. 45. The meaning of these obscure words is explained by what the spirit who is speaking goes on to say: No earthly influence is felt here, but the cause of the trembling and the cry is the ascent of a soul from here to Heaven. Heaven is said to receive it from itself, because originally the soul proceeded from it, issuing from the hand of God, and now Heaven receives back again that which properly belongs to it.

7. v. 48. At the gate of Purgatory.

8. v. 50. The daughter of Thaumas was Iris, the rainbow, seen now to the west, now to the east.

it never trembled because of wind that is hidden, I know not how, in the earth.[9] It trembles here when some soul feels itself pure, so that it rises, or moves to ascend; and such a cry seconds it. Of the purity the will alone gives proof, which surprises the soul wholly free to change its company, and rejoices it with willing. It wills from the first indeed, but the desire, — which, contrary to the will, Divine Justice sets to the torment, as it had been to the sin, — allows it not.[10] And I who have lain in this woe five hundred years and more, only just now felt a free volition for a better seat. Because of

9. v. 57. Aristotle had taught, and it was the common belief, that the movement of wind confined within the earth was the cause of earthquakes.

> "As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
> Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes."
> *Venus and Adonis*, 1046-47.

10. v. 66. The distinction here made between the will and the desire is one familiar to the Schoolmen, under the terms of the absolute and the conditioned will. The absolute will, the will which is native in the soul for its own ultimate salvation, always exists; but in the exercise of his free will man may yield to the temptation of subordinate, and often sinful, objects of desire; and until the soul in Purgatory is wholly purified from its sinful disposition, its desire, or conditioned will, is for the punishment through which its purification is accomplished, as it had originally been for the object of its sin. But when the soul becomes pure, then the absolute will possesses it to mount to Heaven, and becomes effective. See *S. T. Suppl.* 72. 2.

this didst thou feel the earthquake, and hear the pious spirits upon the Mountain render praise to that Lord, who, may He speed them upward soon!"

Thus he said to us, and since one enjoys drinking in proportion as the thirst is great, I could not say how much he did me good. And the sage Leader: "Now I see the net which snares you here, and how it is unmeshed; and why it trembles here; and for what ye rejoice together. Now may it please thee that I may know who thou wast, and may it be disclosed to me in thy words why for so many centuries thou hast lain here?" "At the time when the good Titus, with the aid of the Most High King, avenged the wounds wherefrom issued the blood sold by Judas,[11] I was famous enough on earth with the name which lasts longest, and honors most," replied that spirit, "but not as yet with faith.[12] So sweet was the spirit of my voice, that me of Toulouse[13] Rome drew to itself, where I earned the right to adorn my temples with

11. v. 84. Titus besieged and destroyed Jerusalem in A. D. 70. Statius was born between A. D. 60 and 65, and probably died about the end of the first century. Virgil died B. C. 19.

12. v. 87. I had the name of Poet, but was not yet a Christian.

13. v. 89. Statius was actually born at Naples. But his *Silvae*, in which he mentions his birthplace, had not been

myrtle. Statius the people still name me yonder: I sang of Thebes, and then of the great Achilles, but I fell on the way with my second load.[14] Seed of my ardor were the sparks that warmed me of the divine flame whereby more than a thousand have been kindled; I speak of the Aeneid, which was mother to me, and was nurse to me in poesy: without it I balanced not the weight of a drachm; and to have lived yonder, when Virgil lived, I would agree to one sun more than I owe for my issue from ban." [15]

These words turned Virgil to me with a look which, silent, said: "Be silent:" but the power that wills cannot do everything; for smiles and tears are such followers on the passion from which each springs, that in the most truthful they least follow the will. I only smiled, like a man who makes a sign; whereat the shade became silent, and looked at me in the eyes where the expression is most fixed. And it said: "So mayst thou bring to a good

recovered in Dante's time, and there was a confusion between him and a rhetorician of Toulouse who bore the same name.

14. v. 93. Statius died before completing his *Achilleid*.

15. v. 101. "One sun," that is, one year more in Purgatory than is due for my punishment. This eulogy of Virgil and the *Aeneid*, is an echo of the words with which Statius ends his *Thebaid*, in which he bids his own poem "follow the divine *Aeneid* at a distance, and ever adore its steps."

end so great a labor, why did thy face just now display to me a flash of a smile?" Now am I caught on one side and the other; one bids me be silent, the other conjures me to speak: wherefore I sigh, and am understood by my Master, and: "Have no fear to speak," he said to me, "but speak, and tell him what he asks so earnestly." Whereon I: "Perhaps thou marvellest, ancient spirit, at the smile I gave; but I would have more wonder seize thee. This one, who guides my eyes on high, is that Virgil from whom thou didst derive the strength to sing of men and of the gods. If thou didst believe other cause for my smile, leave it as not being true, and believe it was those words which thou saidst of him." Already he was stooping to embrace the feet of my Teacher, but he said to him: "Brother, do it not, for thou art a shade, and thou seest a shade." And he rising: "Now canst thou comprehend the sum of the love that warms me to thee, when I forget our emptiness, treating the shades as if a solid thing." [16]

16. v. 136. Sordello and Virgil (Canto vi. 75) embraced each other. The shades could thus express their mutual affection. Perhaps it is out of modesty that Virgil here represses Statius, and possibly there may be the under meaning that an act of reverence is not becoming from a soul redeemed, to one banned in eternal exile.

CANTO XXII

Ascent to the Sixth Ledge. — Discourse of Statius and Virgil. — Entrance to the Ledge: the Gluttonous. — The Mystic Tree. — Examples of Temperance.

ALREADY was the Angel left behind us, — the Angel who had turned us to the sixth round, having erased a stroke [1] from my face; and he had said to us that those who have their desire set on justice are *Beati*, and his words completed this with *sitiunt*, without the rest. [2]

1. v. 3. The fifth P.

2. v. 6. That is, the Angel had not recited all the words of the Beatitude, which are as follows in the Vulgate: *Beati qui esuriunt et sitiunt justitiam: quoniam ipsi saturabuntur.* He had omitted *esuriunt*, and said only, "Blessed are they which do *thirst* after righteousness," contrasting this thirst with the thirst for riches. "In order to supply the required number of appropriate Beatitudes for the several *Cornici*, this one had to be divided, and a separation introduced between 'hungering' and 'thirsting' after righteousness. The former is reserved for the sixth *Cornice*, where it affords a natural contrast to the sin of Gluttony, while the latter offers an equally natural antithesis in the fifth *Cornice* to the sin of avarice, which is so constantly described as a 'thirst' for gold that we are scarcely conscious of the metaphor." Moore, *Textual Criticism*, p. 409.

And I, more light than through the other passes, was so going on, that without any fatigue I was following upward the swift spirits, when Virgil began: "Love kindled by virtue always kindles another, provided that its flame appear outwardly; wherefore from the hour when Juvenal descended among us in the limbo of Hell,[3] and made known to me thy affection, my own good will toward thee has been such that more never bound one to an unseen person; so that these stairs will now seem short to me. But tell me — and as a friend pardon me, if too great confidence let loose my rein, and as a friend henceforth talk with me — how could avarice find a place within thy breast, amid wisdom so great as that wherewith through thy diligence thou wast filled?"

These words made Statius at first incline a little to a smile; then he replied: "Every word of thine is to me a dear token of love. Truly often things are apparent which give false material for suspicion, because the true reasons are hidden. Thy question assures me that it is thy belief, perhaps because of that circle where I was, that I was avaricious in the other life; know then that avarice was too far removed from me,

3. v. 14. Juvenal died before the middle of the second century of our era. In a famous passage of his Seventh Satire, vv. 81–87, he speaks of Statius with high praise.

and this want of measure [4] thousands of courses of the moon have punished. And had it not been that I set right my care, when I understood the passage where thou dost exclaim, as if indignant with human nature, 'O accursed hunger of gold, through what [5] dost thou not impel the appetite of mortals?' [6] I, rolling, should feel the dismal jousts.[7] Then I perceived that the hands could spread their wings too much in spending; and I repented as well of that as of my other sins. How many shall rise with cropped hair [8] through ignorance, which during life and in the last hours prevents repentance for this sin! And know, that the fault which rebuts any sin with direct opposition,[9] together with it dries up its verdure here. Wherefore if for my purgation I have been among that

4. v. 35. The extravagance of prodigality.
5. v. 40. Through what evil courses.
6. v. 41.

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?" *Aeneid*, iii. 56–57.

7. v. 42. I should be in Hell among the prodigals rolling heavy weights, and striking them against those rolled by the avaricious. See *Hell*, vii. 25–35.

8. v. 46. A reference to the symbolic short hair of the prodigals. See *Hell*, vii. 57.

9. v. 50. The sin of prodigality is the direct opposite of avarice, and both are purged on the same ledge of Purgatory, as both are punished in the same circle of Hell.

people who lament their avarice, by reason of its contrary this has befallen me."

"Now when thou wast singing the cruel strife of the twofold affliction of Jocasta," [10] said the Singer of the Bucolic songs, "it does not appear by that which Clio touches with thee there," [11] that the Faith, without which good works do not suffice, had as yet made thee faithful. If this be so, what Sun, or what candles,[12] did so disperse thy darkness that thou didst thereafter set thy sails behind the Fisherman?" [13] And he to him, "Thou first didst direct me on the way toward Parnassus to drink in its grots, and then, on the way to God, thou didst enlighten me. Thou didst like him, who goes by night, and carries the light behind him, and profits not himself, but makes the persons following him wise, when thou saidst, 'The world is renewed; Justice returns, and the primeval time of man, and a new progeny descends from heaven.' [14] Through thee I became a poet,

10. v. 56. In the eleventh book of his *Thebaid*, Statius recounts the strife and death of Eteocles and Polynices, the two sons of Jocasta. See *Hell*, xxvi. 52–54.

11. v. 58. Statius invokes Clio as her "in whose power are the ages and ancient times ranged in order." *Thebaid*, x. 625.

12. v. 61. What light from Heaven or from earth.

13. v. 63. St. Peter.

14. v. 72. The famous prophecy of the Cumæan Sibyl

through thee a Christian. But in order that thou mayst better see that which I outline, I will stretch my hand to color it. Already was the whole world teeming with the true belief, sown by the messengers of the eternal realm; and thy words just mentioned were so in harmony with the new preachers, that I adopted the practice of visiting them. Then they came to seem to me so holy, that, when Domitian persecuted them, their lamentations were not without my tears. And so long as I remained in yonder world, I succored them; and their upright customs made me scorn all other sects. And before I had led the Greeks to the rivers of Thebes in my verse, I received baptism; but through fear I was a secret Christian, for a long while making show of paganism: and this lukewarmness made me circle round the fourth circle,[15] longer than to the fourth century. Thou, therefore, that didst lift for me the covering that was hiding from me such great good as I say, tell me, while we have remainder of ascent, where is our ancient Terence,

in Virgil's Fourth Eclogue, which was applied, as early as the fourth century, to the coming of Christ: —

> "Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo.
> Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:
> Jam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto."
>
> *Ecloga* iv. 5–7.

15. v. 92. Where love too slack is punished.

Caecilius, Plautus, and Varro, if thou knowest it; tell me if they are damned, and in what region?" "They, and Persius, and I, and many others," replied my Leader, "are with that Greek whom the Muses suckled more than ever any other, in the first girdle of the blind prison. Often we discourse of the mountain [16] that has our nurses [17] always with itself. Euripides is there with us, and Antiphon, Simonides, Agathon, and many other Greeks who of old adorned their brows with laurel. There of thine own people are seen Antigone, Deïphile and Argia, and Ismene sad as she lived.[18] There she is seen who showed Langia; [19] there is the daughter of Tiresias and Thetis,[20] and Deïdamia with her sisters." [21]

16. v. 104. Parnassus.

17. v. 105. The Muses.

18. v. 111. Of the people celebrated in thy poems are seen the sisters Antigone and Ismene, daughters of Oedipus and Jocasta, Ismene sad as she was on earth; together with Deïphile and Argia, also sisters, daughters of Adrastus, King of Argos.

19. v. 112. Hypsipyle, who showed the fountain Langia to Adrastus and the other kings, when their soldiers were perishing with thirst. See *Hell*, xviii. 92–95, and *Purgatory*, xxvi. 94–96.

20. v. 113. Manto is the only daughter of Tiresias who is mentioned by Statius; but Manto is in the eighth circle in Hell.

21. v. 114. Deïdamia, the daughter of Lycomedes, king

Now both the poets became silent, intent afresh on looking around, free from the ascent and from the walls ;[22] and four of the handmaids of the day were now remaining behind,[23] and the fifth was at the pole,[24] directing still upward its blazing horn, when my Leader: "I think that it behoves us to turn our right shoulders to the outer edge, circling the Mount as we are wont to do." Thus usage was there our guide, and we took the way with less doubt because of the assent of that worthy soul.[25]

They were going on in front, and I solitary behind, and I was listening to their speech which was giving me understanding for poesy. But soon the pleasant converse was interrupted by a tree which we found in the mid road, with apples sweet and good to smell. And as a fir-tree tapers upward from branch to branch, so downward did that, I think in order that no one may go up. On the side upon which our way was closed, a limpid water was falling from

in Scyros, and beloved by Achilles while he was in hiding there. See *Hell,* xxvi. 62.

22. v. 117. Having reached the ledge where gluttony is purged away.

23. v. 119. The first four hours of the day were spent. It was between ten and eleven o'clock.

24. v. 119. Of the car of the day.

25. v. 126. Because Statius, who might be supposed to be rightly inspired as to the way, assented.

the high rock and spreading itself over the foliage above. The two poets approached the tree, and a voice from within the leaves cried: "Of this food ye shall have dearth." Then it said: "Mary thought more, how the wedding [26] should be honorable and complete, than of her own mouth,[27] which answers now for you; and the ancient Roman women were content with water for their drink;[28] and Daniel despised food and gained wisdom.[29] The primal age was beautiful as gold; with hunger it made acorns savory, and with thirst every streamlet nectar. Honey and locusts were the viands which nourished the Baptist in the desert, wherefore he is in glory, and so great as by the Gospel is revealed to you." [30]

26. v. 143. At Cana. See Canto xiii. 29.

27. v. 144. Than of gratifying her appetite.

28. v. 146. "According to Valerius Maximus the women of old among the Romans did not drink wine." *S. T.* ii.[2] 149. 4.

29. v. 147. See *Daniel* i. 8–17.

30. v. 154. "Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." *Matthew* xi. 11. See, also, *Luke* vii. 28.

CANTO XXIII

Sixth Ledge: the Gluttonous. — Forese Donati. — Nella. — Rebuke of the women of Florence.

While I was fixing my eyes upon the green leafage, just as he who wastes his life following the little bird is wont to do, my more than Father said to me: "Son, come on now, for the time that is assigned to us must be more usefully apportioned." I turned my eyes, and no less quickly my step after the Sages, who were speaking so that they made the going of no cost to me; and lo! a lament and song were heard: "*Labia mea, Domine*," [1] in such fashion that it gave birth to delight and pain. "O sweet Father, what is that which I hear?" I began, and he: "Shades which go, perhaps loosing the knot of their debt."

Even as do pilgrims rapt in thought, who,

1. v. 11. "O Lord, open thou my lips." *Psalm* li. 15. This Psalm is the so-called *Miserere*, from its first word in the Vulgate; in the English version "Have mercy upon me, O God." The words sung here are appropriate, as suggestive of the misuse of the lips in gluttony.

overtaking on the road unknown folk, turn themselves to them, and stay not; so behind us, moving more quickly, coming up and passing by, a crowd of souls, silent and devout, was gazing at us. Each was dark and hollow in the eyes, pallid in the face, and so wasted that the skin took its shape from the bones. I do not think that Erisichthon [2] was so dried up to utter rind by hunger, when he had most fear of it. I said to myself in thought: "Behold the people who lost Jerusalem, when Mary struck her beak into her son." [3] The sockets of their eyes seemed rings without gems. Whoso in the face of men reads OMO,[4] would surely there have recognized the M. Who would believe that the scent of an apple, and that of a water, begetting a longing, could so control, if he knew not how?

I was still wondering what so famished them, the cause of their meagreness and of their

2. v. 26. Punished for sacrilege by Ceres with insatiable hunger, so that at last he turned his teeth upon himself. See Ovid, *Metam.*, viii. 738 *sqq.*

3. v. 30. The story of this wretched woman is told by Josephus in his narrative of the siege of Jerusalem by Titus: *De Bello Jud.*, vi. 3.

4. v. 32. Finding in each eye an O, and an M in the lines of the brows and nose, making the word for "man." "Dante's characters are to be found in skulls as well as faces," says Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Urn Burial*, ch. iii.

wretched scurf[5] not yet being manifest, and lo! from the depth of its head, a shade turned his eyes on me, and looked fixedly, then cried out loudly: "What grace to me is this!" Never should I have recognized him by his face; but in his voice was manifest to me that which his aspect had annulled in itself.[6] This spark rekindled in me all my knowledge of the altered visage, and I recognized the face of Forese.[7]

"Ah, strive not[8] with the dry scab that discolors my skin," he prayed, "nor with my lack of flesh, but tell me the truth about thyself; and who are those two souls, who yonder make an escort for thee: stay not thou from speaking to me." "Thy face," replied I to him, "which once I wept for dead, now gives me no less a grief for weeping seeing it so disfigured; therefore, tell me, for God's sake, what so despoils you; make me not speak while I am marvelling, for ill can he speak who is full of other wish." And he to me: "By the eternal counsel a virtue falls into the water and upon

5. v. 39. The scurf, or scaliness of the skin is one of the signs of extreme starvation.

6. v. 45. His voice revealed who he was, which his actual aspect concealed.

7. v. 48. Brother of the famous Corso Donati, and related to Dante's wife, Gemma de' Donati.

8. v. 51. Do not, for striving to see me through my changed look, delay to speak.

the plant, now left behind, whereby I grow so lean. All this folk who sing weeping, because of following their appetite beyond measure, are here in hunger and in thirst making themselves holy again. The odor which issues from the fruit and from the spray which is spread over the verdure, kindles in us desire to eat and drink. And not once only, as we circle this floor, is our pain renewed; I say pain, and ought to say solace, for that will leads us to the tree, which led Christ with joy to say: 'Eli,'[9] when with his blood he delivered us." And I to him: "Forese, from that day on which thou didst change world to a better life, up to this time, five years have not rolled round. If the power of sinning further had ended in thee, before the hour supervened of the good sorrow which re-weds us to God, how hast thou come up hither? I thought to find thee still down there below, where time is made good by time."[10] Whereon he to me: "My Nella with her bursting tears has brought me thus speedily

9. v. 74. Rejoicing to accept his suffering, even when he exclaimed: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" *Matthew* xxvii. 46.

10. v. 82. If thou didst delay repentance until thou couldst sin no more, how is it that thou hast arrived here so speedily without spending, outside the gate of Purgatory, a time equal to that spent on earth. See Canto iv. 130–132.

to drink of the sweet wormwood of these torments. With her devout prayers and with sighs has she drawn me from the hill-side where one waits, and has delivered me from the other circles. So much the more dear and more precious to God is my poor widow, whom I loved so well, as she is the more solitary in good conduct; for the Barbagia [11] of Sardinia is far more modest in its women than the Barbagia where I left her. O sweet brother, what wouldst thou that I say? A future time is already in my sight, to which this hour will not be very old, when from the pulpit it shall be interdicted to the brazen-faced dames of Florence to go about displaying the bosom with the paps. What barbarian, what Saracen women were there ever for whom either spiritual or other discipline was needed to make them go covered? But if the shameless ones were assured of that which the swift heaven is preparing for them, already would they have their mouths open for howling. For if my foresight here does not deceive me, they will be sad before he who is now consoled with the lullaby shall have bearded cheeks. Ah brother, now no longer conceal thyself from me; thou seest that not only I, but all these people are gazing there where thou dost veil the sun."

11. v. 94. A mountainous district in Sardinia, inhabited by people of barbarous customs.

Whereon I to him: "If thou bring back to mind what thou wast with me, and what I was with thee, the present remembrance will even now be grievous. From that life he who goes in front of me turned me the other day, when the sister of him," [12] and I pointed to the sun, "there showed herself round. Through the deep night, from the truly dead, he has led me, with this real flesh which follows him. Thence his encouragements have drawn me upward, ascending and circling the mountain that sets you straight whom the world made crooked. He says that he will bear me company so long till I shall be there where Beatrice will be; there it behoves that I remain without him. Virgil is this one who says thus to me," and I pointed to him, "and this other is that shade for whom just now your realm, which from itself releases him, shook every slope."

12. v. 120. The Moon, Diana, twin child of Leda, with Apollo, the Sun.

CANTO XXIV

Sixth Ledge : the Gluttonous. — Forese Donati. — Piccarda Donati. — Bonagiunta of Lucca. — Pope Martin IV. — Ubaldin dalla Pila. — Bonifazio. — Messer Marchese. — Prophecy of Bonagiunta concerning Gentucca, and of Forese concerning Corso de' Donati. — Second Mystic Tree. — The Angel of the Pass.

Speech made not the going, nor did the going make that more slow; but, talking, we went on apace, even as a ship urged by a good wind. And the shades, that seemed things doubly dead, through the pits of their eyes drew in wonder at me, perceiving that I was alive.

And I, continuing my talk, said: "He[1] goes up for the sake of another perchance more slowly than he would do. But, tell me, if thou knowest, where is Piccarda;[2] tell me if I see any person to be noted among this folk that so gazes at me." "My sister, who, between fair and good,

1. v. 8. Statius; more slowly, for the sake of remaining with Virgil.

2. v. 10. The sister of Forese, whom Dante meets in Paradise, Canto iii.

was I know not which the most, triumphs already rejoicing in her crown on high Olympus." So he said first, and then: "Here it is not forbidden to name each one, since our semblance is so milked away by the diet.[3] This," and he pointed with his finger, "is Bonagiunta,[4] Bonagiunta of Lucca; and that face beyond him, more pricked through than the others, had the Holy Church in his arms:[5] he was from Tours; and by fasting he purges the eels of Bolsena, and the Vernaccia wine." Many others he named to me, one by one, and at their naming all appeared content; so that for this I saw not one dark mien. I saw, using their teeth through hunger on emptiness, Ubaldin dalla Pila,[6] and Boniface,[7] who shepherded many people with his

3. v. 18. Recognition by the looks was thus impossible.

4. v. 19. Bonagiunta Urbiciani, a poet of Lucca who lived and wrote in the last half of the thirteenth century. In the *De Vulgari Eloquio*, i. 13, Dante speaks of him as one of the Tuscan poets who used the local dialect and not the courtly and illustrious tongue of Italy in their rhymes.

5. v. 22. "Had the Church in his arms," that is, was Pope. It is Martin IV., native of Tours, Pope from 1281 to 1284; as Frenchman he used the Papal power to promote the interests in Sicily and Italy of Charles of Anjou. He is said to have died from a surfeit at Orvieto.

6. v. 29. Of this Ubaldino little is known with certainty.

7. v. 29. Bonifazio de' Fieschi, Archbishop of Ravenna from 1274 to 1294.

crook. I saw Messer Marchese,[8] who once had leisure for drinking at Forlì with less thirst, and even so was such that he felt not sated.

But as one does who looks, and then makes more account of one than of another, so did I of him of Lucca, who seemed most to wish acquaintance with me. He was murmuring, and I heard something like "Gentucca" from there[9] where he felt the chastisement of the justice which so strips them. "O soul," said I, "who seemest so desirous to speak with me, do so that I can understand thee, and satisfy both thyself and me by thy speech." "A woman is born, and wears not yet the veil,"[10] he began, "who will make my city pleasant to thee, however men may blame it."[11] Thou shalt go on with this prevision: if from my murmuring thou hast conceived error, the true things will hereafter clear it up for thee. But tell me, if I here see

8. v. 31. A man of note in his day, of one of the chief families of Forlì.

9. v. 38. Literally, "and I know not what Gentucca I heard," that is, "from his mouth I heard an indistinct murmur in which I seemed to catch the name Gentucca."

10. v. 43. The veil of a married woman.

11. v. 45. This honorable and delightful reference to the otherwise unknown maiden, Gentucca of Lucca, has given occasion to much worthless comment. Dante was at Lucca, during his exile, in 1314. He himself was one of those who blamed the city; see *Hell*, Canto xxi. 40–42.

him, who drew forth the new rhymes, beginning: '*Ladies who have intelligence of Love*'?"[12] And I to him: "I am one who, when Love inspires me, notes, and in that mode which he dictates within, I go uttering." "O brother, now I see," said he, "the knot which held back the Notary,[13] and Guittone,[14] and me short of the sweet new style which I hear. I see clearly how your pens go on close following the dictator, which surely was not the case with ours. And he who most sets himself to look farther sees nothing more between one style and the other."[15] And, as if contented, he was silent.

As the birds that winter along the Nile sometimes make a troop in the air, then fly in greater haste, and go in file, so all the folk that were there, light both through leanness and through

12. v. 51. The first verse of the first canzone of *The New Life*.

13. v. 56. The Sicilian poet, Jacopo da Lentino.

14. v. 56. Guittone d' Arezzo, commonly called Fra Guittone, as one of the order of the Frati Gaudenti, mentioned in *Hell*, xxiii. 103. Dante refers to him again in Canto xxvi. 124. He died probably in 1293.

15. v. 62. He who seeks for other reason does not find it. — The poems of Bonagiunta, of the Notary, and of Guittone, which have come down to us, justify this criticism. Dante alone had learned the lesson which the Muse taught Sidney, "'Fool,' said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart and write.'"

will, turning away their faces, quickened again their pace. And as the man who is weary of running lets his companions go on, and then walks, until the panting of his chest be abated, so Forese let the holy flock pass on and came along behind with me, saying: "When shall it be that I see thee again?" "I know not," I replied to him, "how long I may live; but truly my return will not be so speedy, that I shall not in desire be sooner at the shore;[16] because the place where I was set to live, strips itself more of good from day to day, and seems ordained to dismal ruin." "Now go," said he, "for I see him who is most to blame for this[17] dragged at the tail of a beast, toward the valley[18] where never is there exculpation. The beast at every step goes faster, with ever increasing speed, till it strikes him, and leaves his body vilely undone. Those wheels have not far to turn," and he raised his eyes to heaven, "ere that will be clear to thee which my speech may

16. v. 78. Of Purgatory.

17. v. 82. Corso de' Donati, the leader of the Black Guelphs, and chief cause of the evils of the city. On the 15th September, 1308, his enemies having risen against him, he was compelled to fly from Florence. Near the city he was thrown from his horse and dragged along, till he was overtaken and killed by his pursuers.

18. v. 84. "The woful valley of the abyss." *Hell*, iv. 8.

not further declare. Now do thou stay behind, for time is so precious in this kingdom, that I lose too much coming thus at even pace with thee."

As a cavalier sometimes sets forth at a gallop from a troop which is riding, and goes to win the honor of the first encounter,[19] so with longer strides did he depart from us; and I remained on the way with only those two who were such great marshals of the world.[20] And when he had passed on so far before us that my eyes became such followers of him as my mind was of his words,[21] there appeared to me the laden and living branches of another apple-tree, and not far distant, because only then had I turned thitherward.[22] I saw people beneath it raising their hands and crying, I know not what, toward the leaves, like eager and fond little children who pray, and he to whom they pray does not answer, but, to make their longing the

19. v. 96. This essay of honor was not infrequent with the young cavaliers, desirous to win their spurs.

20. v. 99. "A marshal is a governor of the court and of the army under the emperor, . . . and should know how to command what ought to be done, as those two poets knew what it was befitting to do in the world in respect to moral and civil life." Buti.

21. v. 102. Could no longer follow him distinctly.

22. v. 105. In the circling course around the mountain.

more keen, holds aloft their desire, and conceals it not. Then they departed as if undeceived :[23] and upon this we came to the great tree which rejects so many prayers and tears. " Pass ye farther onward, without drawing near ; the tree[24] which was eaten of by Eve is higher up, and this plant was raised from it." Thus said I know not who among the branches ; wherefore Virgil and Statius and I, drawing close together, proceeded onward along the side that rises.[25] " Bethink ye," the voice was saying, " of the accursed ones,[26] formed in the clouds, who, when glutted, strove against Theseus with their double breasts; and of the Hebrews, who, at the drinking, showed themselves weak,[27] wherefore Gideon had them not for companions, when he went down the hills toward Midian."

23. v. 112. Having found vain the hope of reaching the fruit.

24. v. 116. The tree of knowledge, in the Earthly Paradise : Canto xxxii. 38 ff.

25. v. 120. Along the inner side, by the wall of the mountain.

26. v. 121. The centaurs, who were said to have been born of Ixion and a phantom cloud, and who fought with Theseus at the marriage feast of Peirithous.

27. v. 124. Literally : " Showed themselves soft," that is, did not resist the impulse to drink too eagerly. *Judges* vii. 4–7.

Thus keeping close to that one of the two margins,[28] we passed by, hearing of sins of gluttony followed, indeed, by miserable gains. Then going at large along the lonely road, full a thousand steps and more had carried us onward, each of us in meditation without a word. "Why go ye thus in thought, ye three alone?" said a sudden voice; whereat I started, as do terrified and timid beasts. I lifted up my head to see who it might be, and never were glass or metals in a furnace seen so shining and ruddy, as one I saw who said: "If it please you to mount upward, here there is need to turn; this way he goes who would go for peace." His aspect had taken my sight from me, wherefore I turned to go behind my teachers, like one who goes according as he hears.[29]

And as the breeze of May, a herald of the dawn, stirs and smells sweet, all impregnate with the herbage and with the flowers, such a wind I felt strike upon the middle of my forehead, and I clearly felt the motion of the plumage, which made me perceive the odor of ambrosia. And I heard say: "Blessed are they whom so much grace illumines, that the love of taste

28. v. 127. The inner margin of the ledge.

29. v. 144. Blinded for the moment by the dazzling brightness of the angel, Dante drops behind his teachers to follow them as one guided by hearing only.

kindles not too great desire in their breasts, hungering always so much as is right." [30]

30. v. 154. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness." *Matthew* v. 6.

Dante has already cited this Beatitude (Canto xxii. 5–6), applying it to those who are purging themselves from the inordinate desire for riches; there omitting the word "hunger," as here he omits "and thirst."

CANTO XXV

Ascent to the Seventh Ledge. — Discourse of Statius on generation, the infusion of the Soul into the body, and the corporeal semblance of Souls after death. — The Seventh Ledge: the Lustful. — The mode of their Purification.

It was the hour in which the ascent allowed no delay; for the Sun had left the meridian circle to the Bull, and the Night to the Scorpion;[1] wherefore as does the man who, whatever may appear to him, does not stop, if the goad of necessity prick him, but goes on his way, so did we enter through the gap, one before the other, taking the stairway which by its narrowness unpairs the climbers.

And as the little stork that lifts its wing through will to fly, and dares not abandon the

1. v. 3. The Bull follows on the Ram in the Zodiac, so that the hour indicated is about 2 P. M. The "Night, here and elsewhere, when spoken of generally as being in any spot, naturally stands for midnight as its central point." Moore, *Time-References*, p. 70. When the Sun is in the Sign of the Ram, the Night is in that of the Scales, which precedes that of the Scorpion.

nest, and lets it drop, so was I, with will to ask kindled and quenched, coming as far as to the motion that he makes who proposes to speak. Nor, though our going was swift, did my sweet Father forbear, but he said: "Discharge the bow of speech which up to the iron [2] thou hast drawn." Then I opened my mouth confidently, and began: "How can one become lean, where the need of nourishment is not felt?" "If thou wouldst call to mind," he said, "how Meleager was consumed by the consuming of a brand, this would not be so difficult to thee; and if thou wouldst think, how at your quivering your image quivers within the mirror, that which seems hard would seem easy to thee. But in order that thou mayst be inwardly at ease in respect to thy wish, lo, here is Statius, and I call on him, and pray that he be now the healer of thy wounds." "If I explain to him the eternal view," [3] replied Statius, "where thou art present, let it excuse me that to thee I cannot make denial." [4]

Then he began, "If, son, thy mind regards

2. v. 18. Up to the arrow-head.

3. v. 31. What is seen here in the eternal world concerning the nature of the soul.

4. v. 33. Here and elsewhere Statius seems to represent allegorically human philosophy enlightened by Christian teaching dealing with questions of knowledge, not of faith.

and receives my words, they will be for thee a light unto the 'How,' which thou askest.[5] Perfect blood, which is never drunk up by the thirsty veins, but remains like the food which thou removest from the table, takes in the heart a virtue informative of all the human members, as being that which goes through the veins to become them.[6] Digested still further, it descends to the part whereof it is more becoming to be silent than to speak; and from there, afterwards, it drops upon another's blood in the natural vessel. There one and the other meet together; the one ordained to be passive, and the other[7] to be active because of the perfect place[8] wherefrom it is pressed out; and, conjoined with the former, the latter begins to operate, first by coagulating, and then it quickens that to which

5. v. 36. The doctrine set forth by Statius in regard to generation is derived from St. Thomas Aquinas, *S. T.*, i. 118, 119, who, in his turn, drew much of it from Aristotle. It is to be found, more briefly stated, in the *Convito*, iv. 21.

6. v. 42. The perfect blood, which constitutes the *semen*, remains over and above that blood which is requisite for the nourishment of the body, and acquires in the heart the virtue by which, after it has been still further digested, it finally gives form to the various bodily organs.

7. v. 47. The one is the female blood, the other the male blood.

8. v. 48. The heart.

it gives consistency for its own material.[9] The active virtue having become a soul, like that of a plant[10] (in so far different that this is on the way, and that already arrived),[11] then so works, that now it moves and feels, as a sea-fungus does;[12] and then it proceeds to organize the powers of which it is the germ.[13] Now, son, the virtue is displayed, now it is diffused, which issues from the heart of the begetter, where nature is intent on all the members. But how from an animal it becomes a rational being,[14]

9. v. 51. It quickens to life the material to be shaped by the informative virtue into a human body.

10. v. 53. The doctrine of S. Thomas Aquinas, which Dante here follows, is that of the three natures of souls, the vegetative or nutritive, the sensitive, and the intellective; the first two are not created directly by God, but proceed from the active virtue of the begetter of the body in which they exist. They are corruptible. But the *anima intellectiva*, proceeding directly from God, is breathed into the human embryo, is incorruptible, and includes in itself the faculties of the lower corruptible souls of beasts and plants.

11. v. 54. The soul in the plant has attained its full development, "has arrived;" while in the human embryo this vegetative soul is "on the way," is but a stage in the development of being.

12. v. 56. From the vegetative, the soul becomes the sensitive, — *anima sensitiva*.

13. v. 57. That virtue which the blood acquired in the heart of the begetter now begins to show itself in the formation of the limbs and organs of the body.

14. v. 61. Literally, "a speaking being." Thou dost

thou as yet seest not; this is such a point that once it made one wiser than thou to err, so that in his teaching he separated from the soul the potential intellect, because he saw no organ assumed by it.[15] Open thy breast to the truth which is coming, and know that, so soon as the articulation of the brain is perfect in the embryo,

not yet see, how from a mere animal, with a soul dependent on its material existence, it becomes a speaking, that is a rational being, possessed of an *anima intellectiva*, an intellectual and immortal soul.

15. v. 66. The "one wiser than thou" who fell into error, is generally understood to refer to Averroes, whose error was in his exposition of Aristotle's doctrine as set forth in the third book of his treatise *On the Soul*. Aristotle there distinguishes two intellectual principles, in other words two intellects, the one material or passive, the other formal or active. The passive, the so-called possible intellect, was adapted to receive passively impressions or images; the active intellect rendered these images intelligible, and formed ideas. The active intellect is separate, impassible, imperishable; the passive intellect is perishable, and cannot dispense with the active intellect. "Now the true intellect is the separate intellect, and that alone is eternal and immortal." This doctrine led Averroes to the conclusion that the active intellect was undivided and impersonal, and united not formally but instrumentally only with the individual. Hence it was but a step to the denial of the immortality of the individual soul. Dante seems to have fallen into the error of believing that Averroes separated the potential or possible intellect from the soul, whereas it was really to the active intellect that he ascribed unity and separateness.

the Primal Motor [16] turns to it with joy over such art of nature, and breathes into it a new spirit replete with virtue, which draws into its own substance that which it finds active there,[17] and becomes one single soul which lives and feels and circles on itself. And that thou mayst the less wonder at my words, consider the warmth of the sun which, combining with the juice that flows from the vine, becomes wine.[18] And when Lachesis has no more thread, this soul is loosed from the flesh, and virtually bears away with itself both the human and the divine;[19] the other faculties all of them mute,[20] but memory, understanding, and will [21] far more acute in action than before. Without a stop,

16. v. 70. The Primal Motor, that is, God.

17. v. 73. The vegetative and the sensitive soul.

18. v. 78. The fact that the spirit breathed into the foetus, in other words the intellectual soul, absorbs the sensitive and vegetative souls, or, in the words of St. Thomas Aquinas, *S. T.* i. 76. 4, "contains in its own virtue whatever the sensitive soul of brutes and the nutritive soul of plants possess,"— this fact is illustrated, imperfectly indeed, by the action of the Sun upon the juice of the grape, converting the raw juice into wine.

19. v. 81. The human, that is, the bodily faculties; the divine, that is, the intellectual or spiritual faculties.

20. v. 82. The faculties of sense mute because their organs no longer exist.

21. v. 83. The spiritual faculties, independent of the senses.

it falls of itself, marvellously, to one of the banks.[22] Here it first knows its own roads. Soon as the place there[23] circumscribes it, the formative virtue rays out around it, in like shape and size, as in the living members. And as the air when it is full of rain becomes adorned with divers colors, by reason of the rays of another[24] which are reflected in it, so here the neighboring air shapes itself in that form which the soul that has stopped[25] virtually imprints upon it. And then like the flamelet which follows the fire whithersoever it shifts, so does its new form follow the spirit. Since thereafter it has its aspect from this, it is called a shade ; and thence it organizes every sense even to the sight; thence we speak, and thence we laugh, thence we make the tears and the sighs, which thou mayst have heard on the mountain. According as our desires and our other affections impress us, the shade is shaped ; and this is the cause of that at which thou wonderest." [26]

And now we had come to the last circuit,

22. v. 86. Of Acheron (see *Hell*, iii. 78), or of Tiber (see *Purgatory*, ii. 100–105), according as the soul is damned or saved.

23. v. 88. Whether Purgatory or Hell.

24. v. 92. "Another," that is, the Sun.

25. v. 96. Stopped in the place allotted to it.

26. v. 108. The emaciation of the spirits on this ledge.

and had turned to the right hand, and were intent upon another care. Here the bank shoots forth flame, and the ledge breathes a blast upward which drives it back, and sequesters a path from it.[27] Wherefore it was needful to go one by one along the open side; and on the one hand I was afraid of the fire, and on the other I was afraid of falling off. My Leader said, "Along this place, one must keep tight the rein upon the eyes, because for little one might go astray." "*Summae Deus clementiae*," [28] I then heard being sung, in the bosom of the great burning, which made me care not less to turn.[29] And I saw spirits going through the flame; wherefore I looked at them and at my own steps, apportioning to each my sight from moment to moment. After the end that is made to that hymn, they loudly cried: "*Virum non cognosco;*" [30] then began again the hymn with low voice; this finished, they cried anew: "To the wood Diana kept herself, and drove there-

27. v. 114. Secures a safe pathway along the outer edge of the ledge.

28. v. 121. "God of clemency supreme," the beginning of a hymn, sung at Matins on Saturday, containing a prayer for purity.

29. v. 123. Caring not less to see who was singing, than to keep his eyes fixed on the narrow way.

30. v. 128. "I know not a man," the words of Mary to the angel. *Luke* i. 34.

from Helice,[31] who had tasted the poison of Venus." Then they returned to their singing; then they cried aloud wives and husbands who were chaste, as virtue and marriage enjoin upon us. And I believe this mode suffices them for all the time that the fire burns them. With such cure it is needful, and with such diet, that the last wound of all[32] should be closed up.

31. v. 131. Helice, or Callisto, the nymph who bore a son to Jupiter, and, having been changed to a bear by Juno, was by Jove transferred with her child to the heavens, where they are seen as the Great and Little Bear.

32. v. 139. The last of the mortal sins, the last P.

CANTO XXVI

Seventh Ledge: the Lustful. — Sinners in the fire, going in opposite directions. — Guido Guinicelli. — Arnaut Daniel.

While we were thus going on along the edge, one before the other, the good Master was often saying: "Take heed! let it avail that I warn thee." The sun, which now, with his radiance, was changing all the west from azure to a white aspect, was striking me on the right shoulder; and with my shadow I was making the flame appear more ruddy, and only to that indication[1] I saw many shades, as they went on, giving heed. This was the occasion which gave them a beginning to speak of me, and they began to say: "He does not seem a fictitious body;" then certain of them came toward me, so far as they could do so, always with regard not to come out where they would not be burned.

"O thou, who goest behind the others, not

1. v. 8. At this sign that Dante's body was that of a living man.

from being slower, but perhaps from reverence, reply to me, who am burning in thirst and fire: nor by me only is thy reply needed, for all these have a greater thirst for it than Indian or Ethiop for cold water. Tell us how it is that thou makest of thyself a wall to the sun, as if thou hadst not yet entered within the net of death." Thus spoke one of them to me; and I should at once have made myself known, if I had not given attention to another new thing which then appeared; for along the middle of the burning road were coming people with their faces opposite to these, which held me engaged to look at them. There I see, on either side, each shade making haste and one kissing the other, without stopping, content with a brief greeting. Thus within their brown troop one ant touches muzzle with another, perchance to spy out their way and their fortune.

Soon as they end the friendly salutation, before the first step runs onward by, each strives to outcry the other; the new-come folk: "Sodom and Gomorrah," and the other: "Into the cow enters Pasiphaë, that the bull may run to her lust." Then like cranes, which should fly part to the Riphaean mountains,[2] and part toward the sands,[3] these shunning the frost and

2. v. 43. Mountains vaguely placed by the early geographers in the far North.

3. v. 44. The deserts of Libya.

those the sun, the one folk goes, the other comes on, and, weeping, they return to their first chants,[4] and to the cry which most befits them.

And those same who had prayed me drew near to me as before, intent in their looks to listen. I, who twice had seen their desire, began: "O souls, secure of having, whenever it may be, a state of peace, my limbs have not remained yonder, either unripe nor mature, but are here with me, with their blood, and with their joints. I go hence upward in order to be no longer blind. A Lady is on high who wins grace for us,[5] whereby I bring my mortal body through your world. But so may your greatest wish soon become satisfied, in such wise that that heaven may harbor you which is full of love, and most amply spreads,[6] tell me, in order that I may yet rule the paper for it, who are ye, and who are that crowd which go their way behind your backs."

Not otherwise is the astonished mountaineer confused, and gazing round is dumb, when rough and rustic he enters the town, than each

4. v. 47. *Summae Deus clementiae.* Canto xxv. 121.

5. v. 59. The Virgin Mary; see *Hell,* ii. 94–96, "who wins grace for us," that is, for all for whom she intercedes, not for Dante alone.

6. v. 63. The Empyrean, the seat of Paradise.

shade became in its appearance; but, after they were unburdened of their astonishment, which in high hearts is quickly abated: "Blessed thou," began again the one who first had questioned me, "who, in order the better to die, dost ship experience of our regions. The people who do not come with us offended in that for which once Cæsar in his triumph heard 'Queen' shouted out against him; therefore they go off crying 'Sodom,' upbraiding themselves, as thou hast heard, and they help the burning by their shame. Our sin was hermaphrodite; but because, following our appetite like beasts, we did not observe human law, when we part from them we recite, in opprobrium of ourselves, the name of her who bestialized herself in the beast-shaped planks. Now thou knowest our deeds, and of what we were guilty; if, perchance, thou wishest to know by name who we are, there is not time to tell, and I should not know. I will indeed make thee short of wish about myself; I am Guido Guinicelli;[7] and I am purging myself already, because I truly repented before my last hour."

7. v. 92. Of Bologna; the most illustrious of the Italian poets before Dante; the date of his death is uncertain, but he was living in 1274. Of his life little is known, but some of his verses survive and justify Dante's words concerning them. See Canto xi. 97.

Such as in the frenzy of Lycurgus her two sons became at seeing again their mother,[8] such I became, but I rise not so far,[9] when I hear name himself the father of me, and of the others my betters who ever used sweet and gracious rhymes of love; and without hearing or speaking, full of thought, I went on, gazing a long time upon him; nor, for the fire, did I draw nearer to him. When I was fed with looking, I offered myself wholly ready for his service, with the affirmation which makes another believe. And he to me: "By what I hear, thou leavest such impression on me, and so clear,[10] that Lethe cannot take it away nor make it dim. But, if thy words just now swore truth, tell me what is the reason why thou displayest in speech and look that thou dost hold me dear?" And I to him, "The sweet ditties of yours, which, so long as the modern use[11] shall en-

8. v. 95. "Lycurgus, King of Nemea, enraged with Hypsipyle for leaving his infant child, who was killed by a serpent, while she was showing the river Langia to the Argives (see Canto xxii. 112), was about to kill her, when she was found and rescued by her own sons." (Pollock.) The story is told by Statius in the fifth book of his *Thebaid*.

9. v. 96. I was more restrained than they, not rushing forward as they did.

10. v. 107. That is, "Thy words so convince me of thy affection for me."

11. v. 113. The modern use of the vulgar tongue in poetry.

dure, will still make dear their ink." "O brother," said he, "this one whom I point out to thee with my finger," and he pointed to a spirit in advance,[12] "was a better smith of his mother tongue. In verses of love and proses of romances he surpassed all; and let the foolish talk who think that he of Limoges[13] excels him; to rumor more than to the truth they turn their faces, and thus establish their opinion, before art or reason is listened to by them. Thus did many of old concerning Guittone,[14] from cry to cry giving the prize only to him, until the truth prevailed with more persons. Now if thou hast such ample privilege that it is permitted thee to go unto the cloister in which Christ is abbot of the college, say to him for me one paternoster, so far as is needful for us in this world, where power to sin is no longer ours."[15]

Then, perhaps to give place to one who was near behind him, he disappeared through the fire, like a fish going through the water to the

12. v. 116. Arnaut Daniel, a famous Provençal troubadour of the end of the 12th century. Modern judgment does not confirm Dante's opinion of his excellence as a poet.

13. v. 120. Giraut de Borneil, another famous poet, contemporary with Arnaut Daniel.

14. v. 124. Guittone d' Arezzo; see Canto xxiv. 56.

15. v. 132. The words in the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," are not needed for the spirits in Purgatory.

bottom. I moved forward a little to him who had been pointed out to me, and said, that for his name my desire was preparing a gracious place. He readily began to say:[16] "Your courteous request so pleases me that I cannot, nor do I wish to hide me from you. I am Arnaut, who weep and go singing; contrite I see my past folly, and glad I see before me the joy I hope for. Now I pray you, by that Power which guides you to the summit of this stairway, at due time be mindful of my pain." Then he hid himself in the fire which refines them.

16. v. 139. The words of Arnaut are in the Provençal tongue.

CANTO XXVII

Seventh Ledge : the Lustful. — Passage through the Flames. — Stairway in the rock. — Night upon the stairs. — Dream of Dante. — Morning. — Ascent to the Earthly Paradise. — Last words of Virgil.

As when he darts forth his first rays there where his Maker shed His blood (Ebro falling under the lofty Scales, and the waves in the Ganges scorched by noon) so the sun was now standing;[1] and thus the day was departing, when the glad Angel of God appeared to us. Outside the flame he was standing on the bank, and was singing: *Beati mundo corde*,[2] in a voice far more living than ours. Then: "No one goes farther, ye holy souls, if first the fire sting not: enter into it, and to the song beyond be ye not deaf," he said to us, as we drew near to him: whereat I became such, when I heard him,

1. v. 5. It was near sunrise at Jerusalem, and consequently near sunset in Purgatory, midnight in Spain, and midday at the Ganges.

2. v. 8. "Blessed are the pure in heart."

as is he who is put in the pit.[3] I stretched forward above my clasped hands, looking at the fire, and vividly imagining human bodies I had once seen burnt. My good Escorts turned toward me, and Virgil said to me: "My son, here may be torment, but not death. Bethink thee! bethink thee! . . . lo, if I even upon Geryon guided thee safe, what shall I do now that I am nearer God? Believe for certain that if within the belly of this flame thou shouldst stand full a thousand years it could not make thee bald of a single hair. And if perchance thou believest that I am deceiving thee, draw towards it, and make trial for thyself with thine own hands upon the hem of thy garments. Put aside now, put aside every fear, turn hitherward, and come on secure."

And I still motionless and against conscience!

When he saw me still stand motionless and obdurate, he said, disturbed a little: "Now see, son, between Beatrice and thee is this wall."

As at the name of Thisbe, Pyramus, at point of death, opened his eyelids and looked at her, what time the mulberry became dark red, so, my obduracy becoming softened, I turned to my wise Leader, hearing the name that in my

3. v. 15. As the criminal who is about to be buried alive.

memory is ever welling up. Whereat he nodded his head, and said: "How? do we want to stay on this side?" then he smiled as one does at a child who is conquered by an apple.

Then within the fire he set himself in front of me, praying Statius, that he would come behind, who previously, for a long way, had divided us. When I was within, I would have thrown myself into boiling glass to cool me, so without measure was the burning there. My sweet Father, to encourage me, went talking only of Beatrice, saying: "I seem already to see her eyes."

A voice which was singing on the other side was guiding us, and we, attentive ever to it, came forth where the ascent began. "*Venite, benedicti patris mei*,"[4] sounded within a light that was there such that it overcame me, and I could not look on it. "The sun is going," it added, "and the evening comes; tarry not, but hasten your steps so long as the west grows not dark."

The way mounted straight, through the rock, in such direction[5] that in front of me I cut off the rays of the sun which was already low. And of few stairs had we made essay ere, by the

4. v. 58. "Come, ye blessed of my Father." *Matthew* xxv. 34.

5. v. 65. Toward the east, so that Dante's shadow fell in front of him.

vanishing of my shadow, both I and my Sages perceived the setting of the sun behind us. And before the horizon in all its immeasurable regions had become of one aspect, and night had all her dispensations, each of us made his bed of a stair; for the nature of the mountain took from us the power, more than the delight, of ascending.

As goats, that have been swift and wanton on the peaks ere they were fed, become tranquil while they ruminate, hushed in the shade so long as the sun is hot, watched by the shepherd, who on his staff is leaning and, leaning, tends them; and as the herdsman, who lodges out of doors, passes the night beside his quiet flock, watching that the wild beast may not scatter it: such were we all three then, I like a goat, and they like shepherds, hemmed in on this side and on that by the high rock. Little of the outside could there be seen, but in that little I saw the stars both brighter and larger than their wont. Thus ruminating, and thus gazing upon them, sleep overcame me, sleep which oft before the deed be done knows news thereof.

At the hour, I think, when from the east Cytherea, who with fire of love seems always burning, first beamed upon the mountain,[6] I

6. v. 95. In the dawn, when Cytherea, that is, Venus, the morning star, was rising. Cf. Canto i. 19, 20. Cytherea,

seemed in dream to see a lady, young and beautiful, going through a meadow gathering flowers, and singing she was saying: "Let him know, whoso asks my name, that I am Leah, and I go moving my fair hands around to make me a garland. To please me at the mirror I here adorn me, but my sister Rachel never departs from her looking-glass, and sits all day. She is as fain to look at her fair eyes as I to adorn me with my hands. Her, seeing, and me, doing satisfies."[7]

And now before the splendors which precede the sun, and rise the more grateful unto pilgrims as in returning they lodge less far away,[8] the shadows were fleeing on every side, and my sleep with them; whereupon I rose, seeing the great Masters already risen. "That sweet fruit which the care of mortals goes seeking upon so many branches, to-day shall set at peace thy

as an epithet of Venus, was derived from the name of the island, Cythera (now Cerigo), off the southeastern point of Laconia, the spot where the goddess landed after her birth from the foam of the sea.

7. v. 108. Leah and Rachel are the types of the active and the contemplative life. The seeing which contents Rachel is the contemplation of the Divine mysteries, the doing which contents Leah is work according to the Divine will. Rachel gazes at her own fair eyes in the mirror because they reflect to her the vision of God.

8. v. 111. As they come nearer home.

hungerings."[9] These words did Virgil use toward me, and never were there gifts which for pleasure were equal to these. Such great wish upon wish came to me to be above, that at every step thereafter I felt my wings growing for the flight.

When beneath us all the stairway had been run over, and we were on the topmost step, Virgil fixed his eyes on me, and said: "The temporal fire and the eternal[10] thou hast seen, Son, and art come to a place where of myself I discern no farther.[11] I have brought thee here with understanding and with art; thine own pleasure take thou henceforward for guide: forth art thou from the steep ways, forth art thou from the narrow. See there the sun, which is shining on thy front; see the young grass, the flowers, and the shrubs, which here the earth of itself alone produces.

9. v. 117. In his *De Monarchia*, iii. 16, Dante says, Providence set before man two ends to be striven for, of which the first is beatitude in this life, which consists in the activity of his own virtue, and is figured by the terrestrial Paradise.

10. v. 127. The temporal fire is that of Purgatory, the eternal that of Hell.

11. v. 129. Human reason, rightly exercised, suffices to guide through the difficult paths of earthly life, to the attainment of its beatitude; but for the attainment of the beatitude of eternal life there is need of the illumination of Divine grace.

Until the beautiful eyes come rejoicing, which weeping made me come to thee, thou canst sit down and thou canst go among them. Expect no more or word or sign from me. Free, upright, and sound is thine own will, and it would be wrong not to act according to its choice; wherefore thee over thyself I crown and mitre." [12]

12. v. 142. The crown is the symbol of temporal power, the mitre of spiritual.

CANTO XXVIII

The Earthly Paradise. — The Forest. — A Lady gathering flowers on the bank of a little stream. — Discourse with her concerning the nature of the place.

FAIN now to search within and round about the divine forest dense and living, which was tempering the new day to my eyes, without longer waiting I left the bank,[1] taking the level ground very slowly, over the soil which on every side breathed fragrance. A sweet breeze that had no variation in itself smote me on the brow, not with heavier stroke than a soft wind; at which the branches, readily trembling, one and all were bending toward the quarter where the holy mountain casts its first shadow;[2] yet not so swayed from their uprightness, that the little birds among the tops had to leave the practice of their every art; but, singing with full joy, they received the early breezes among the

1. v. 4. The outer edge of the mountain.

2. v. 12. The branches bent toward the West, for the breeze was the movement of the air produced by the revolution of the spheres from East to West. (See verse 103.)

leaves, which were keeping a burden to their rhymes, such as gathers from bough to bough through the pine forest on the shore of Chiassi,[3] when Aeolus lets forth the Scirocco.[4]

Now had my slow steps carried me within the ancient wood so far that I could not see back to where I had entered it: and lo, a stream took from me further progress, which with its little waves was bending toward the left the grass that sprang up on its bank. All the waters, that are purest here on the earth, would seem to have some mixture in them, compared with that which hides nothing, although it moves along dusky under the perpetual shadow,[5] which never lets the sun or moon shine there.

With my feet I stood still, and with my eyes I passed to the other side of the streamlet, to gaze at the great variety of the fresh blossoms; and there, even as a thing appears suddenly which turns aside through wonder every other thought, appeared to me a solitary lady, who was going along, singing, and culling flower from flower, wherewith all her path was painted. "Ah, fair Lady,[6] who warmest thyself in the

3. v. 20. Classe, the old port of Ravenna, from which the sea long since receded.

4. v. 21. The southeast wind.

5. v. 32. Of the dense wood.

6. v. 43. This lady corresponds to Leah as the type of

rays of love, if I may trust to looks which are wont to be witnesses of the heart, may the will come to thee," said I to her, "to draw forward toward this stream, so far that I may hear what thou art singing. Thou makest me remember where and what was Proserpine, at the time when her mother lost her, and she the spring."

As a lady who is dancing turns, with feet close to the ground and to each other, and hardly sets foot before foot, she turned on the red and the yellow flowerets toward me, not otherwise than a virgin who lowers her modest eyes, and made my prayers content, approaching so that the sweet sound came to me with its meaning. So soon as she was there where the grasses are just bathed by the waves of the fair stream, she gave me the boon of lifting her eyes. I do not believe that so great a light shone beneath the eyelids of Venus, when transfixed by her son quite out of his custom.[7] She was smiling upon the right bank opposite, gathering with her hands the many colors which

the life of virtuous activity. Her name, as appears later, is Matilda. Why this name was chosen for her, and whether she stands for any earthly personage, has been the subject of vast and still open debate.

7. v. 66. According to Ovid, *Metam.* x. 525, 526, Cupid wounded his mother *unintentionally*, thereby causing her to love Adonis.

that high land brings forth without seed. The stream made us three paces apart; but the Hellespont where Xerxes passed it — still a curb on all human pride — endured not more hatred from Leander for swelling between Sestos and Abydos, than that from me because it did not then open. "Ye are new come," she began, "and, perchance, why I smile in this place chosen for human nature as its nest, some doubt holds you marvelling; but the psalm '*Delectasti*'[8] affords light which may uncloud your understanding. And thou who art in front,[9] and didst pray to me, say, if aught else thou wouldst hear, for I came ready for every question of thine, so far as may suffice." "The water," said I, "and the sound of the forest, impugn within me recent faith in something which I heard contrary to this."[10] Whereon she: "I

8. v. 80. *Psalm* xcii. 4. "Delectasti me, Domine, in factura tua, et in operibus manuum tuarum exultabo." "For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work; I will triumph in the works of thy hands." Delight in the work of the Lord is the motive of the lady's smile.

9. v. 82. Dante is now preceding his former guides.

10. v. 87. Statius had told Dante (Canto xxi. 43–53) that the exhalations of water or of earth, which are the cause of wind and the source of streams, do not rise above the gate of Purgatory, but the rivulet by which they are standing, and the breeze which sounds through the forest seem to contradict his statement.

will tell how that which makes thee wonder proceeds from its own cause; and I will clear away the mist which falls upon thee.

"The supreme Good, which Itself alone is pleasing to Itself, made man good, and for good, and gave to him this place for earnest of eternal peace. Through his own default he dwelt here little while; through his own default he changed honest laughter and sweet sport to tears and to toil. In order that the disturbance, which the exhalations of the water and of the earth (that follow after the heat so far as they can) produce down below, should not make any war on man, this mountain rose so high toward heaven, and is free from them, from there where it is locked in. Now because the whole air revolves in a circuit with the primal revolution,[11] if its circling be not broken by some obstacle,[12] upon this height, which is wholly disengaged in the living air, this motion strikes, and makes the wood,

11. v. 104. With the movement given to it by the revolution of the crystalline heaven, the so-called *Primum Mobile*, from which the other heavenly spheres derive their motion.

12. v. 105. Literally, "by some corner." The steady revolution of the air is broken on the Mount of Purgatory, which rises free toward the heavens, and thus the breeze is caused which, stirring the plants that are brought forth without seed, in the Terrestrial Paradise, then carries their virtue to the inhabited parts of the earth, where, if the soil be fit and the climate favorable, the trees and the flowers spring up.

because it is thick-set, resound; and the plant thus struck has such power that with its virtue it impregnates the breeze, and this in its whirling then scatters it around; and the rest of the earth, according as it is fit in itself, or through its sky, conceives and brings forth divers trees of divers virtues. It should not then, this being heard, appear a marvel on earth, when some plant takes root there without apparent seed. And thou must know that the holy plain where thou art is full of every seed, and has within itself fruit which is never gathered yonder upon earth.

"The water which thou seest does not rise from a vein which vapor condensed by the frost restores, like a stream that gains and loses breath; but it issues from a constant and sure fountain, which by the will of God regains as much as it pours forth open on two sides. On this side it descends with virtue that takes from one the memory of sin; on the other it restores that of every good deed. On this side it is called Lethe,[13] so on the other Eunoë; and it works

13. v. 130. Lethe, after flowing through the Earthly Paradise, must be supposed to fall to the foot of the Mountain, and there to enter the earth, thence wearing its way down to the centre, bearing thither that which it has washed from the memory of the purified sinner. It is the little stream the sound of whose winding course had guided Dante and Virgil

not if first it be not tasted on this side then on that.[14] To all other savors this is superior.

"And though thy thirst may be fully sated even if I reveal no more to thee, I will yet give thee a corollary as a favor; nor do I think my speech will be less dear to thee, if it extend with thee beyond my promise. Those who in old time sang of the Golden Age, and of its happy state, perchance, upon Parnassus, dreamed of this place: here was the root of mankind innocent; here is always spring, and every fruit; this is the nectar of which each one of them tells."

I turned me backward then wholly to my Poets, and saw that with a smile they had heard the last words; then to the beautiful Lady I turned again my eyes.

through the dark cavernous passage by which they passed from Hell to Purgatory. See *Hell*, xxxiv. 127–132.

14. v. 132. The water does not produce its full effect unless both streams be tasted.

CANTO XXIX

The Earthly Paradise. — Mystic Procession or Triumph of the Church.

Singing like a lady enamored, she, at the ending of her words, continued: "*Beati, quorum tecta sunt peccata.*" [1] And, like the nymphs who were wont to go solitary through the sylvan shades, one desiring to see and one to avoid the sun, she then moved on counter to the stream, going up along the bank, and I at even pace with her, following her little step with little. Of her steps and mine there were not a hundred, when the banks both alike gave a turn, in such wise that I faced again toward the east. Nor even thus had our way been long, when the lady turned wholly round to me, saying: "My brother, look and listen." And lo! a sudden lustre ran through the great forest on every side, so that it made me question if it were lightning. But because the lightning stays even as it comes,[2]

1. v. 3. "Blessed are they whose transgressions are forgiven." *Psalm* xxxii. 1.

2. v. 19. Its stay is but for the moment of its coming.

and this, lasting, became more and more resplendent, in my thought I said, "What thing is this?" And a sweet melody ran through the luminous air; whereupon a righteous zeal made me reproach the hardihood of Eve, who, there, where the earth and the heavens were obedient, the only woman, and but just now formed, did not endure to stay under any veil; under which if she had stayed devout, I should have tasted those ineffable delights before, and for a longer time. While I was going on amid so many first fruits of the eternal pleasure, all enrapt, and still desirous of more joys,[3] in front of us the air, beneath the green branches, became like a blazing fire, and the sweet sound was now heard as a song.

O Virgins sacrosanct! if for you I have ever endured hunger, cold, or vigils, the occasion spurs me that I claim reward therefor. Now it behoves that Helicon pour forth for me, and that Urania aid me with her choir to put into verse things difficult to think.

A little farther on, the long tract of space which was still between us and them shewed

3. v. 33. Virgil had told Dante that he should see Beatrice upon the summit of the Mountain. See Canto vi. 46–48.

falsely in their seeming seven trees of gold. But when I had come so near to them that the common object, which deceives the sense,[4] lost not through distance any of its attributes, the power which supplies discourse to reason[5] distinguished them as candlesticks,[6] and in the voices of the song, "*Hosanna.*" On high the fair array was flaming, brighter by far than the moon in the clear sky at midnight, in the middle of her month. I turned me round full of wonder to the good Virgil, and he replied to me with a look charged not less with amazement. Then I turned back my gaze to the high things, which were moving toward us so slowly that they would have been outstripped by new-made brides. The lady chided me:

4. v. 47. An object which has properties common to many things, so that at a distance the sight cannot distinguish its specific nature.

5. v. 49. The faculty of perception or apprehension. See Canto xviii. 22.

6. v. 50. The imagery of the Triumph of the Church here described is largely taken from the Apocalypse. "And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks." *Revelation* i. 12. "And there were seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God." *Id.* iv. 5. "And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." *Isaiah* xi. 2.

"Why art thou only thus ardent in gazing on the living lights, and dost not look at that which comes behind them?" Then I saw folk coming behind, as if after their leaders, clothed in white, and such whiteness there never was on earth.[7] The water was resplendent on the left flank, and reflected to me my left side, if I looked in it, even as a mirror. When I had such position on my bank that only the stream separated me, in order to see better, I gave halt to my steps, and I saw the flamelets go forward leaving the air behind them painted, and they had the semblance of streaming pennons, so that it remained divided overhead by seven stripes, all in those colors whereof the sun makes his bow, and Delia her girdle.[8] These banners stretched to the rear beyond my sight, and according to my judgment the outermost were ten paces apart. Under so fair a sky as I describe, twenty-four elders,[9] two by two, were

7. v. 66. "And his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can white them." *Mark* ix. 3.

8. v. 78. Delia, the moon, and her girdle the halo.

9. v. 83. "And round about the throne were four and twenty seats: and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment." *Revelation* iv. 4. These four and twenty elders in white raiment, and crowned with white lilies, white being the color of faith, symbolize the books of the Old Testament. The reckoning of the

coming crowned with flower-de-luce. All were singing: "Blessed art thou among the daughters of Adam, and blessed forever be thy beauties."

After the flowers and the other fresh herbage, opposite to me on the other bank, were free from those folk elect, there came behind them, even as light follows light in heaven, four living creatures, each crowned with green leaves. Each was feathered with six wings, the feathers full of eyes; and the eyes of Argus, if they were living, would be such.[10] To describe their forms, Reader, I scatter rhymes no more, for other spending so constrains me that in this I cannot be liberal. But read Ezekiel, who depicts them as he saw them coming from the cold quarter with wind, with cloud, and with fire; and such as thou wilt find them in his pages such were they here, save that as to the wings John is with me, and differs from him.[11]

number of these books as twenty-four is made by St. Jerome in his preface to the Scriptures, called *Prologus galeatus*, by counting five books of Moses, eight of the prophets (those of the twelve minor prophets being reckoned as one), and eleven of the historical and other books; and these twenty-four books are symbolized, according to the Saint, by the four and twenty elders of the Apocalypse.

10. v. 96. The eyes were keen and vigilant as those of the living Argus.

11. v. 105. These four living creatures, which represent

The space between these four contained a triumphal chariot upon two wheels, which came drawn along by the neck of a Griffon.[12] And he stretched up the one and the other of his wings between the midmost stripe, and the three and three others, so that he did harm to no one of them by cleaving it: so high they rose that they were lost to sight. His members were of gold so far as he was bird, and the rest were white mixed with crimson. Not Africanus, or indeed Augustus, gladdened Rome with so beautiful a chariot;[13] but even that of the Sun would be poor to it, — that of the Sun, which, going astray,[14] was consumed at the prayer of

the four Evangelists, are described by Ezekiel (i. 6) as having four wings, but in the *Revelation* (iv. 8) John gives to each of them six wings: "and they were full of eyes within." They are crowned with green, as the color of hope; their wings may indicate the heavenly nature of the truth of which they are the messengers, and the eyes their spiritual insight.

12. v. 108. The griffon, half eagle and half lion, represents Christ in his double nature, divine and human. His head and neck and wings, the parts of him symbolizing his divine nature, are of gold, while his body, symbolizing his human nature, is white and crimson, the colors of flesh and blood. "My beloved is white and ruddy, . . . his head is as the most fine gold." *Song of Solomon* v. 10, 11. The chariot which he draws is the Church.

13. v. 116. On occasion of their Triumphs.

14. v. 118. When driven by Phaëthon.

the devout Earth, when Jove in his secrecy was just. Three ladies,[15] at the right wheel, came dancing in a circle; one so ruddy that hardly would she have been noted within the fire; the next was as if her flesh and bones had been made of emerald; the third seemed as snow fresh fallen. And now they seemed led by the white, now by the red,[16] and the others took their step both slow and swift from the song of her who led. On the left, four,[17] robed in purple, made festival, following the measure of one of them who had three eyes in her head.

Behind all the group thus described, I saw two old men, unlike in dress, but like in demeanor, both dignified and staid. The one showed himself one of the familiars of that supreme Hippocrates whom Nature made for the creatures that she holds most dear;[18] the other

15. v. 121. The theological virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, of the colors respectively appropriate to them.

16. v. 128. Hope must always follow Faith or Love.

17. v. 130. The four cardinal Virtues, in purple, the imperial color, typifying their rule over human conduct, — Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude: Prudence has three eyes, as looking at the past, the present, and the future, and she leads the others because she is "the directress of all the moral virtues." *S. T.* iii. 85. 3.

18. v. 138. The book of *Acts*, represented under the type of its author, St. Luke, called "the beloved physi-

showed the contrary care,[19] with a shining and sharp sword, such that it caused me fear on the hither side of the stream. Then I saw four of humble aspect, and behind all an old man alone, coming asleep with a keen countenance.[20] And these seven were robed like the first band;[21] but they made not a crown of lilies round their heads, rather of roses, and of other red flowers.[22] The sight at little distance would have sworn that all were aflame above their brows.

And when the chariot was abreast of me, a peal of thunder was heard, and those worthy people seemed to have their farther progress interdicted, stopping there with the first ensigns.[23]

cian." *Colossians* iv. 14. Man is the creature whom Nature holds dearest.

19. v. 139. The Pauline Epistles, typified by their writer, whose sword is the symbol of war and martyrdom, a "contrary care" to the healing of men.

20. v. 144. The four "humble in appearance" are the representatives in their writers of the minor Epistles, and they are followed by St. John, as the writer of the *Revelation*, asleep, and yet with lively countenance, because he was "in the Spirit" when he beheld his vision.

21. v. 146. In white raiment.

22. v. 148. The red flowers are symbolic of the fires of Christian love.

23. v. 154. The seven candlesticks with their pennons. Vellutello has pointed out that the procession of the Church is in the form of a cross: the candlesticks forming its foot, the four and twenty elders its lower limb, the chariot with the

Virtues on either side fashioning its crossing and arms, and the seven "apparelled like the first band" its upper limb.

The allegory of the procession itself seems to be that the Church, the Divine institution for bringing sinful men to God, comes to meet the penitent sinner, manifesting to him its sublime nature, and receiving him finally (see Canto xxxii. 29) as one of its own members.

CANTO XXX

The Earthly Paradise. — Beatrice appears. — Departure of Virgil. — Reproof of Dante by Beatrice.

When the Septentrion of the first heaven[1] (which never knew setting nor rising, nor veil of other cloud than sin, and which was making every one there acquainted with his duty, as the lower[2] makes him who turns the helm to come to port) stopped still, the truthful people[3] who had come first between the Griffon and it,[4] turned to the chariot as to their peace, and one of them, as if sent from heaven, singing, cried thrice: "*Veni, sponsa, de Libano*,"[5] and all the others after.

1. v. 1. The seven candlesticks, symbols of the sevenfold spirit of the Lord, whose abode is the first heaven, the Empyrean.

2. v. 5. The lower septentrion, or the seven stars of the Great Bear.

3. v. 7. The personifications of the truthful books of the Old Testament.

4. v. 8. The septentrion of the first heaven.

5. v. 11. "Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse." *The Song of Solomon* iv. 8. In the Vulgate the *Veni* is

As the blessed at the last trump will arise swiftly, each from his tomb, singing Hallelujah with reinvested voice,[6] so, upon the divine wagon, *ad vocem tanti senis*,[7] rose up a hundred ministers and messengers of life eternal. All were saying: "*Benedictus, qui venis*," [8] and, scattering flowers above and around, *Manibus o date lilia plenis*.[9]

I have seen ere now at the beginning of the day the eastern region all rosy, and the rest of heaven beautiful with fair clear sky, and the face of the sun rising shaded, so that through the tempering of vapors [10] the eye sustained it

thrice repeated, "Veni de Libano, sponsa mea, veni de Libano, veni."

6. v. 15. "And after these things I heard a great voice of much people in Heaven, saying, Alleluia." *Revelation* xix. 1.

7. v. 17. "At the voice of so great an elder;" these words are in Latin apparently for the sake of matching the rhyme with that of the two following verses.

8. v. 19. "Blessed thou that comest," words derived from *Psalm* cxviii. 26, and shouted by the multitude at the entrance of Jesus to Jerusalem (*Matthew* xxi. 9), but here used with a change in the verb from the third to the second person.

9. v. 21. "Oh, give lilies with full hands;" words from the *Aeneid*, vi. 884; and whether they are to be taken as sung by the angels, or as descriptive of the angelic action, supreme honor is paid to Virgil by their introduction in this sacred scene.

10. v. 26. The mists at the horizon.

a long while; thus within a cloud of flowers, which was ascending from the angelic hands and falling down again within and without, a lady, with wreath of olive over a white veil, appeared to me, robed with the color of living flame under a green mantle.[11] And my spirit which now for so long a time had not been broken down, trembling with awe at her presence, without having more knowledge by the eyes, through occult virtue that proceeded from her, felt the great potency of ancient love.

Soon as the lofty virtue smote my sight, which already had transfixed me ere I was out of boyhood, I turned me to the left, with the confidence with which the little child runs to his mother when he is frightened, or when he is troubled, to say to Virgil: "Less than a drachm of blood remains in me that does not tremble; I recognize the signals of the ancient flame."[12] But Virgil had left us deprived of himself; Virgil, sweetest Father; Virgil, to whom for my salvation I gave me. Nor did all which the ancient mother lost[13] avail unto

11. v. 33. The olive is the symbol of wisdom and of peace; the three colors are those of Faith, Charity, and Hope.

12. v. 48. "Agnosco veteris vestigia flammae." *Aeneid* iv. 28.

13. v. 53. All the beauty of the Earthly Paradise which Eve lost and which now surrounded Dante.

my cheeks, cleansed with dew,[14] that they should not turn dark again with tears.

"Dante,[15] though Virgil be gone away, weep not yet, weep not yet, for by another sword thou needst must weep."

Like an admiral who, on poop or on prow, comes to see the people that are serving on the other ships, and encourages them to do well, upon the left-hand border of the chariot — when I turned me at the sound of my own name, which of necessity is registered here, — I saw the Lady, who had first appeared to me veiled beneath the angelic festival, directing her eyes toward me across the stream. Although the veil, which descended from her head, circled by the leaf of Minerva, did not allow her to appear distinctly, royally, still severe in her mien, she went on, as one who speaks, and keeps back his warmest words: "Look at me well: I am, indeed, I am, indeed, Beatrice. How hast thou deigned to approach the mountain? Didst thou not know that here man is happy?" My eyes fell down to the clear fount; but seeing myself in it I drew them to the grass, such great shame weighed on my brow. As to her son the mother seems

14. v. 53. See Canto i. 121–129.

15. v. 55. The only mention of Dante's name in the poem.

haughty, so she seemed to me; for somewhat bitter tastes the savor of tart pity.

She was silent, and the angels sang of a sudden: "*In te, Domine, speravi;*" but beyond "*pedes meos*" [16] they did not pass. Even as the snow, among the living rafters upon the back of Italy,[17] is congealed, blown and packed by Sclavonian winds, then melting, trickles through itself, if only the land which loses shadow breathe,[18] so that it seems as fire melting the candle: thus was I without tears and sighs before the song of them who always sing following the notes of the eternal spheres; but

16. v. 84. "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness. Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me. For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me. Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou art my strength. Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth. I have hated them that regard lying vanities: but I trust in the Lord. I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities. And hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy: thou hast set my feet in a large room." *Psalm* xxxi. 1–8.

17. v. 86. The forests upon the Apennines.

18. v. 89. The snow, frozen by the winds from the north, melts when the wind blows from Africa, which, with advance of the Spring, loses shadow.

when I heard in their sweet melodies their compassion for me, more than if they had said: "Lady, why dost thou so confound him?" the ice that was bound tight around my heart became breath and water, and with anguish issued from my breast, through my mouth and through my eyes.

She, still standing motionless on the aforesaid side of the chariot, then turned her words to those pious[19] beings thus: "Ye watch in the eternal day, so that nor night nor slumber robs from you one step the world may make along its ways; wherefore my reply is with greater care, that he who is weeping yonder may understand me,[20] in order that fault and grief may be of one measure. Not only through the working of the great wheels,[21] which direct every seed to some end according as the stars are its companions, but through largess of divine graces, which have for their rain[22] vapors so lofty that our sight goes not near thereto, — this man was virtually such in his new life,[23] that every right disposition would have made

19. v. 101. Both devout and piteous.

20. v. 107. My reply is, for his sake, fuller than is needful for you who know everything that happens in the world.

21. v. 109. The circling heavens.

22. v. 113. As source of their rain.

23. v. 115. In his youth.

admirable proof in him. But so much the more malign and wild does the ground become with bad seed and untilled, as it has the more of good earthly vigor. Some time did I sustain him with my face; showing my youthful eyes to him, I led him with me turned in right direction. So soon as I was on the threshold of my second age, and had changed life, he took himself from me, and gave himself to others. When I had risen from flesh to spirit, and beauty and virtue were increased in me, I was less dear and less pleasing to him; and he turned his steps along a way not true, following false images of good, which pay no promise in full. Nor did it avail me to obtain [24] inspirations with which, both in dream and otherwise, I called him back; so little did he heed them. So low he fell that all means for his salvation were already short, save showing him the lost people. For this I visited the gate of the dead, and to him, who has conducted him up hither, my prayers were borne with weeping. The high decree of God would be broken, if Lethe should be passed, and such viand [25] should be tasted, without some scot of repentance which may pour forth tears."

24. v. 133. Through the grace of God.

25. v. 143. The living water of Lethe, which takes away the memory of committed sin.

CANTO XXXI

The Earthly Paradise. — Reproachful discourse of Beatrice, and confession of Dante. — Passage of Lethe. — Appeal of the Virtues to Beatrice. — Her Unveiling.

"O THOU, who art on the farther side of the sacred river," turning her speech to me with the point, which only with the edge had seemed to me keen, she began anew, going on without delay, "Say, say, if this is true: to so heavy a charge thine own confession must needs be conjoined." My faculties were so confused, that the voice moved, and became extinct before it had been released from its organs. A little while she waited, then said: "What thinkest thou? Reply to me; for the sad memories in thee are not yet injured by the water."[1] Confusion and fear mingled together forced such a "Yes" from out my mouth, that the eyes were needed for the hearing of it.

As a cross-bow breaks its cord and its bow when it shoots with too great tension, and the shaft hits the mark with less force, so did I

1. v. 12. Are still vivid, not yet obliterated by the water of Lethe.

burst under that heavy load, pouring forth tears and sighs, and the voice slackened along its passage. Whereupon she to me: "Within those desires of mine[2] that were leading thee to love the Good beyond which there is nothing to which one may aspire, what trenches running traverse, or what chains didst thou find, for which thou shouldst thus have despoiled thyself of the hope of passing onward? And what satisfactions, or what advantages were displayed on the brow of the others, for which thou shouldst have lingered before them?" After the drawing of a bitter sigh, hardly had I the voice to make answer, and the lips with difficulty gave it form. Weeping, I said: "The present things with their false pleasure turned my steps, soon as your face was hidden." And she: "Hadst thou been silent, or hadst thou denied that which thou dost confess, thy fault would not be less known, by such a Judge is it known. But when the accusation of the sin bursts from one's own mouth, in our court the wheel turns itself back against the edge.[3] Yet still, that thou mayst now bear

2. v. 22. Inspired by me.

3. v. 42. The grindstone turns back against that which is being sharpened, and blunts its edge. The edge of the sword of Divine justice is blunted by Divine mercy for the penitent sinner.

shame for thy error, and that another time, hearing the Sirens, thou mayst be stronger, lay aside the sowing of tears,[4] and listen; so shalt thou hear how my buried flesh should have moved thee in opposite direction. Never did nature or art present to thee pleasure such as the fair limbs wherein I was enclosed, and which are scattered in earth. And if the supreme pleasure[5] thus failed thee through my death, what mortal thing should afterward have drawn thee into its desire? Forsooth thou oughtest, at the first arrow of things fallacious, have risen upward after me, who was no longer such. Nor oughtest thou to have weighed thy wings downward to await more blows, either of some young girl or other vanity of so brief a use. The young bird awaits two or three; but before the eyes of the full-fledged, the net is spread in vain, or the arrow shot."[6]

As children, silent in shame, with their eyes upon the ground, stand listening and conscience-stricken and repentant, so was I standing. And

4. v. 46. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." *Psalm* cxxvi. 5.

5. v. 52. The beauty of Beatrice was as a miracle lifting the heart, not only of her lover but also of all who saw her, toward God. See *The New Life*, xxvii., xxx.

6. v. 63. "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." *Proverbs* i. 17.

she said: "Since thou art grieved through hearing, lift up thy beard, and thou shalt take greater grief from seeing." With less resistance is a sturdy oak uprooted by a native wind, or by one from the land of Iarbas,[7] than I raised my chin at her command; and when by the beard she asked for my eyes, truly I recognized the venom of the argument.[8] And when my face was lifted up, my sight perceived that those primal creatures were resting from their strewing,[9] and my eyes, still little assured, saw Beatrice turned toward the animal that is one person only in two natures.[10] Beneath her veil, and beyond the stream, she seemed to me more to surpass her ancient self, than she seemed to surpass all others here when she was here. So pricked me there the nettle of repentance, that of all other things the one which most had turned me to its love became the most my foe.[11]

Such self-conviction stung my heart that I

7. v. 72. From the South; the land of Iarbas, the son of Jupiter Ammon, was Libya, of which he was king. *Aeneid,* iv. 196.

8. v. 75. Because indicating the lack of that wisdom which should pertain to manhood.

9. v. 78. Of flowers.

10. v. 81. The Griffon, the type of Christ, God and Man.

11. v. 87. That object which had most seduced me from the love of Beatrice was now the most hateful to me.

fell overcome; and what I then became she knows who afforded me the cause.

Then, when my heart restored my outward faculties, I saw above me the lady whom I had found alone,[12] and she was saying: "Hold me, hold me." She had drawn me into the stream up to the throat, and dragging me after her was moving over the water, light as a shuttle. When I was near the blessed shore,[13] I heard "*Asperges me*"[14] so sweetly that I cannot remember it, far less can write it. The beautiful lady opened her arms, clasped my head, and immersed me where I had perforce to swallow of the water. Then she took me, and presented me, thus bathed, within the dance of the four beautiful ones,[15] and each of them covered me with her arm. "Here we are nymphs, and in heaven we are stars:[16] before Beatrice had descended to the world we were ordained unto her for her handmaids. We will lead thee

12. v. 92. On his entrance to the Earthly Paradise.

13. v. 97. The blessed bank, because on that side of the stream was Beatrice, and because when Dante reaches it, having drunk of the water of Lethe, he will have lost the bitter memories of sin.

14. v. 98. The first words of the seventh verse of the fifty-first Psalm: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

15. v. 104. The four Cardinal Virtues.

16. v. 106. See Canto i. 23.

to her eyes; but for the joyous light which is within them, the three yonder who look more deeply shall sharpen thine own." [17] Thus singing, they began; and then to the breast of the Griffon they led me with them, where Beatrice was standing turned toward us. They said: "See that thou spare not thy sight: we have placed thee before the emeralds, whence Love of old drew his darts against thee." A thousand desires hotter than flame bound fast my eyes to the relucent eyes which ever stayed fixed upon the Griffon. Not otherwise than as the sun in a mirror, was the twofold animal gleaming therewithin, now with one, now with the other mode of being.[18]

Think, Reader, if I marvelled when I saw the thing stay quiet in itself, and in its image transmuting itself.

While, full of awe and glad, my soul was tasting that food which, sating in itself, causes longing for itself, the other three, showing themselves of the loftier order in their bearing, came forward dancing to their angelic carol. "Turn, Beatrice, turn thy holy eyes," was their

17. v. 111. The Cardinal Virtues lead up to Theology, or the revealed knowledge of Divine things, but the Evangelic Virtues are needed to penetrate within them.

18. v. 123. The divine and the human, united in the Griffon.

song, "upon thy faithful one, who to see thee has taken so many steps. Of thy grace do us the grace that thou unveil to him thy mouth, so that he may discern the second beauty which thou dost conceal." [19]

O splendor of living light eternal! Who has become so pallid under the shadow of Parnassus, or has so drunk at its cistern, that he would not seem to have his mind encumbered, trying to render thee as thou didst appear there where with its harmony the heaven hangs over thee, when in the open air thou didst thyself disclose?

19. v. 138. "The eyes of Wisdom are her demonstrations by which one sees the truth most surely; and her smile is her persuasions in which the interior light of Wisdom is displayed without any veil; and in these two is felt that loftiest pleasure of Beatitude, which is the chief good in Paradise." *Convito*, iii. 15.

CANTO XXXII

The Earthly Paradise. — Return of the Triumphal procession. — The Chariot bound to the Mystic Tree. — Sleep of Dante. — His waking to find the Triumph departed. — Transformation of the Chariot. — The Harlot and the Giant.

So fixed and intent were my eyes to relieve their ten years' thirst, that my other senses were all extinct: and they themselves, on one side and the other, had a wall of indifference, so did the holy smile draw them to itself with the ancient net; when perforce my sight was turned toward my left by those goddesses,[1] because I heard from them a "Too fixedly."[2] And the condition which exists for seeing, in eyes but just now smitten by the sun, caused me to be for a while without sight. But when my vision reshaped itself to the lesser sensation (I say to the lesser, in respect to the great one where-

1. v. 8. The three heavenly Virtues.

2. v. 9. "Thou lookest too intently; thou hast yet to learn much before thou canst penetrate to the depths of the Divine mysteries."

from by force I had removed myself),[3] I saw that the glorious army had wheeled upon its right flank, and was returning with the sun and with the seven flames in its face.

As under its shields to protect itself a troop turns and wheels with its banner, before it all can change about,[4] that soldiery of the celestial realm which was in advance had wholly gone past us, before its front beam[5] had bent the chariot round. Then to the wheels the ladies returned,[6] and the Griffon moved his blessed burden, in such wise however that no feather of him shook. The beautiful lady who had drawn me at the ford, and Statius and I were following the wheel which made its orbit with the smaller arc.[7] Thus passing through the lofty wood, empty through fault of her who trusted to the serpent, an angelic song set the time to our steps. Perhaps an arrow loosed from the

3. v. 15. The splendor of the procession was not to be compared with the dazzling brightness of Beatrice.

4. v. 21. The vanguard with the banner turns before the rear faces about.

5. v. 24. Its pole.

6. v. 25. The four ladies had come from the left wheel of the chariot to lead Dante to the eyes of Beatrice, and the other three had advanced from the right wheel to pray her to unveil her smile to him.

7. v. 30. The right-hand wheel, the turn being made (v. 16) to the right.

string had traversed in three flights as great a distance as we had advanced, when Beatrice descended. I heard "Adam!" murmured by all:[8] then they encircled a plant despoiled of flowers and of other leafage on every bough.[9] Its tresses, which the wider spread the higher up they are,[10] would be wondered at for height by the Indians in their woods.

"Blessed art thou, Griffon, that thou dost not break off with thy beak of this wood sweet to the taste, since the belly is ill racked thereby." Thus around the sturdy tree the others cried; and the animal of two natures: "Thus is preserved the seed of all righteousness."[11] And turning to the pole which he had drawn, he

8. v. 37. In reproach of him who had in disobedience tasted of the fruit of this tree. "O thou Adam, what hast thou done? For though it was thou that sinned, thou art not fallen alone, but we all that come of thee." 2 *Esdras* vii. 48.

9. v. 39. By the disobedience of Adam the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the type of the law of God, was despoiled of virtue until the obedience of Christ restored it.

10. v. 41. The branches of the Tree of Knowledge spread widest as they are nearest to the Divine Source of truth.

11. v. 45. "For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." "That as sin had reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ, our Lord." *Romans* v. 19, 21.

dragged it to the foot of the widowed trunk, and that which was of it [12] he left bound to it.

As when the great light falls downward mingled with that which shines behind the celestial Carp,[13] our plants become swollen, and then renew themselves, each in its own color, before the sun yokes his coursers under another star, so, disclosing a color less than of roses and more than of violets, the plant renewed itself, which at first had its boughs so bare.[14] I did not understand, nor here [15] is sung, the hymn which that folk then sang, nor did I bear the melody to the end.

If I could portray how the pitiless eyes [16]

12. v. 51. The pole, the mystic type of the cross of Christ, which was, according to an old legend, made of the wood of this tree. The fastening of the Chariot, the type of the Church, to the tree seems intended to symbolize the bestowal by God upon the Church of such knowledge of good and evil as was requisite for the discharge of its functions upon earth, and also the fact that these functions could only be fulfilled by obedience to the law of God.

13. v. 54. In the spring, when the Sun is in the sign of the Ram, which follows that of the Fishes, here termed the Carp, and its great light is mingled with that of the constellation.

14. v. 60. The obedience of Christ restores the flowers and foliage to the tree, for through his life and teaching was the Law of God revealed, as through his death it was vindicated.

15. v. 61. On earth.

16. v. 65. The hundred eyes of Argus, who, when

sank to slumber, while hearing of Syrinx, — the eyes to which much watching cost so dear, — like a painter who paints from a model I would depict how I fell asleep; but whoso would, let him be one who can represent slumber well.[17] Therefore I pass on to when I awoke, and I say that a splendor rent for me the veil of sleep, and a call: "Arise, what doest thou?"

As, to see some of the flowerets of the apple-tree[18] which makes the Angels greedy for its fruit,[19] and makes perpetual marriage feasts in Heaven,[20] Peter and John and James were led,[21] and being overcome, came to themselves at the word by which greater slumbers[22] were broken, and saw their band diminished alike by Moses

watching Io, fell asleep while listening to the tale of the loves of Pan and Syrinx, and was then slain by Mercury. See Ovid, *Metam.*, i. 568–721.

17. v. 69. The sleep of Dante may signify the impotency of human reason to explain the mysteries of redemption.

18. v. 73. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." *The Song of Solomon* ii. 3.

19. v. 74. The full glory of Christ in Heaven.

20. v. 75. The marriage supper of the Lamb. *Revelation* xix. 9.

21. v. 76. To behold at the Transfiguration Moses and Elias, flowerets of the apple-tree. *Matthew* xvii. 1–8.

22. v. 78. Those of the dead called back to life by Jesus.

and Elias, and the raiment of their Master changed, so I came to myself, and saw that compassionate one standing above me, who had before been conductress of my steps along the stream; and all in doubt I said: "Where is Beatrice?" And she: "Behold her under the new leafage, sitting upon its root. Behold the company which surrounds her; the rest are going on high behind the Griffon, with sweeter song and more profound." [23] And if her speech was further poured forth I know not, because already in my eyes was she who from attending to aught else had closed me in. She was sitting alone upon the bare ground, like a guard left there of the chariot which I had seen bound by the biform animal. In a circle the seven Nymphs were making of themselves an enclosure for her, with those lights in their hands which are secure from Aquilo and from Auster.[24]

"Here shalt thou be short time a forester; and thou shalt be with me without end a citizen of that Rome whereof Christ is a Roman. Therefore for profit of the world which lives

23. v. 90. Christ having ascended, Beatrice, the type of Theology, or the knowledge of the things of God, is left seated by the chariot, the type of the Church on earth.

24. v. 99. From the north wind or the south; that is, from any earthly blast.

ill, keep now thine eyes upon the chariot; and what thou seest, mind that thou write when thou hast returned to earth." Thus Beatrice; and I, who at the feet of her commands was all devout, gave my mind and my eyes where she willed.

Never with so swift a motion did fire descend from a dense cloud, when it falls from that region which stretches most remote, as I saw the bird of Jove swoop down through the tree, breaking the bark, as well as the flowers and new leaves; and he struck the chariot with all his force, whereat it reeled, like a ship in a tempest beaten by the waves now to starboard, now to larboard.[25] Then I saw a she fox,[26] which seemed fasting from all good food, leap into the body of the triumphal vehicle; but, rebuking her for her ugly sins, my Lady turned her to such flight as her fleshless bones allowed.[27] Then, from there whence he had first come, I saw the eagle descend down into the ark of the car and leave it feathered from himself.[28]

25. v. 117. The descent of the eagle,— the type of the Empire, — breaking the tree, symbolizes the disobedience of the emperors to the law of God; and the attack on the chariot their persecution of the Church.

26. v. 119. The fox represents the early heresies.

27. v. 123. Heresy is refuted by that knowledge of divine things which is held by the Church, and of which Beatrice is the type.

28. v. 126. The feathering of the car is the type of the

And a voice, such as issues from a heart that is afflicted, issued from Heaven, and thus spoke: "O little bark of mine, how ill art thou laden!" Then it seemed to me that the earth opened between the two wheels, and I saw a dragon issue from it, who fixed his tail upward through the chariot: and, like a wasp that retracts its sting, drawing to himself his malignant tail, he drew out part of the floor, and went wandering away.[29] That which remained covered itself again, as lively soil with grass, with the plumage, offered perhaps with sane and benign intention; and both one and the other wheel and the pole were again covered with it in such time that a sigh holds the mouth* open longer.[30] Thus transformed, the holy structure put forth heads upon its parts, three upon the pole, and one on each corner.[31] The first were horned like oxen, but the four had a single horn upon the forehead.[32] A like monster was never seen

donation of Constantine, — the temporal endowment of the Church.

29. v. 135. The dragging off by the dragon of a part of the car may figure the schism of the Greek Church in the 9th century.

30. v. 141. This new feathering signifies the fresh and rapidly growing endowments of the Church.

31. v. 144. The imagery is derived, as before, from the Apocalypse. "And behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns." *Revelation* xii. 3.

32. v. 146. The seven heads have been interpreted as

before. Secure, as a fortress on a high mountain, there appeared to me a dishevelled harlot sitting upon it, with bold brows glancing round.[33] And, as if in order that she should not be taken from him, I saw a giant standing at her side, and now and then they kissed each other. But because she turned her lustful and roving eye on me that fierce paramour scourged her from head to foot. Then full of jealousy, and cruel with anger, he loosed the monster, and dragged it through the wood so far, that he made of that alone a shield from me for the harlot and for the strange beast.[34]

the seven mortal sins, which grew up in the transformed church, the result of its wealth and temporal power. Pride, Envy, and Anger are two-horned as being sins against others, Sloth, Avarice, Gluttony, and Lust have each a single horn as sins against one's self alone.

33. v. 150. "I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet-coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns." *Revelation* xvii. 3.

34. v. 160. The harlot and the giant stand respectively for the Pope and the king of France. The meaning of the turning of her eyes upon Dante by the harlot is obscure, and no satisfactory interpretation of it has been proposed; the dragging of the car, transformed into a monster, through the wood, so far as to hide it from the poet, may be taken as typifying the removal of the seat of the Papacy from Rome to Avignon, in 1305.

CANTO XXXIII

The Earthly Paradise. — Prophecy of Beatrice concerning one who shall restore the Empire. — Her discourse with Dante. — The river Eunoë. — Dante drinks of it, and is fit to ascend to Heaven.

"*Deus, venerunt gentes*," [1] the ladies began, alternating, now three now four, a sweet psalmody, and weeping; and Beatrice, sighing and pitiful, was listening to them with such aspect that scarce was Mary at the cross more changed. But when the other virgins gave place to her to speak, risen upright upon her feet, she answered, colored like fire: "*Modicum, et non videbitis me, et iterum*, my beloved Sisters, *modicum, et vos videbitis me*." [2] Then she set all the seven in front of her; and behind

1. v. 1. The first words of the seventy-ninth Psalm: "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps." The whole Psalm, picturing the actual desolation of the Church, but closing with confident prayer to the Lord to restore his people, is sung by the holy ladies.

2. v. 12. "A little while and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while and ye shall see me." *John* xvi. 16. An answer and promise corresponding to the complaint and the petition of the Psalm.

her, by a sign only, she placed me, and the Lady, and the Sage who had remained.[3] Thus she moved on; and I do not think her tenth step had been set upon the ground, when with her eyes she smote mine, and with tranquil aspect said to me: "Come more forward, so that if I speak with thee, thou mayst be well placed for listening to me." So soon as I was with her as I should be, she said to me: "Brother, why dost thou not venture to question me, now thou art coming with me?"

As befalls those who with exceeding reverence are speaking in presence of their superiors, that they drag not their voice living to the teeth,[4] it befell me that without perfect utterance I began: "My Lady, you know my need, and that which is good for it." And she to me: "From fear and from shame I wish that thou henceforth disentangle thyself, so that thou mayst speak no more like one who dreams. Know thou, that the vessel which the serpent broke[5] was, and is not;[6] but let him who has the blame thereof[7] think that the vengeance of

3. v. 15. The lady, Matilda, and the sage, Statius.

4. v. 27. Are unable to speak with distinct words.

5. v. 34. The body of the chariot broken by the dragon.

6. v. 35. "The beast that thou sawest was, and is not." *Revelation* xvii. 8.

7. v. 35. For the disappearance of the chariot.

God fears not sops.[8] The eagle that left its feathers on the car, whereby it became a monster, and then a prey, shall not be for all time without an heir; for I see surely, and therefore I tell it, stars already close at hand, secure from every obstacle and from every hindrance, to give to us a time in which a Five hundred, Ten, and Five sent by God shall slay the abandoned woman together with that giant who is sinning with her.[9] And perchance my narration, dark like that of Themis and the Sphinx,[10] less per-

8. v. 36. According to a belief, which the old commentators report as commonly held by the Florentines, if a murderer could contrive, within nine days of the murder, to eat a sop of bread dipped in wine, above the grave of his victim, he would escape from the vengeance of the family of the murdered man. The meaning of the words is, Let not him who has carried away the chariot, now become a monster, fancy that any means he may take can avert the vengeance of God for the wrong.

9. v. 45. This dark prophecy does not admit of a complete interpretation. Beatrice declares that the empire, which had been in Dante's view practically vacant, should not remain so indefinitely. She sees near at hand a 515, in Roman numerals a DXV, which letters by transposition form DVX, "a leader," sent by God, who shall reëstablish the Divine order upon earth. The prophecy is so positive that it seems probable that it was written when Dante's hopes were high as to the results of Henry VII.'s expedition to Italy in 1310.

10. v. 47. Obscure as the oracles of Themis or the enigmas of the Sphinx.

suades thee, because after their fashion it clouds the understanding. But soon the facts will be the Naiades [11] which shall solve this difficult enigma, without harm of flocks or of harvest. Do thou note; and even as these words are uttered by me, so do thou teach them to those alive with that life which is a running unto death; and bear in mind when thou writest them, not to conceal what thou hast seen the plant, which here has now been twice despoiled.[12] Whoever robs or breaks it, with blasphemy of deed offends God, who for His own use alone created it holy. For biting it, the first soul, in pain and in desire, for five thousand years and more, longed for Him who punished on Himself the bite. Thy wit sleeps, if it deem not that for a special reason it is so lofty and so inverted at its top.[13] And if thy

11. v. 49. According to a blunder in the manuscripts of Ovid's *Metam.*, vii. 759, the Naiades solved the riddles of the oracles, at which Themis, offended, sent forth a wild beast to ravage the flocks and fields. The correct reading is Laiades, that is, Oedipus, the son of Laius; but this emendation was not made till the seventeenth century.

12. v. 57. First by Adam, secondly by the giant who took from it "that which was of it." Canto xxxii. 51, 158.

13. v. 66. Inverted at its top, that is, with its upper branches more wide-spread than its lower. See Canto xxxii. 40–41.

vain thoughts had not been as water of Elsa [14] round about thy mind, and their pleasantness as Pyramus to the mulberry,[15] by so many circumstances alone thou wouldst have recognized morally the justice of God in the interdict upon the tree. But though I see thee in thy understanding made of stone, and thus stony, dark, so that the light of my speech dazzles thee, I yet would have thee bear it hence within thee, even if not written, at least depicted, for the reason that the pilgrim's staff is carried wreathed with palm." [16] And I: "Even as wax, which does not change the figure imprinted by a seal, is my brain now stamped by you. But why do your desired words fly so far above my sight, that the more it strives the more it loses them?" "In order that thou mayst know," she said, "that school which thou hast followed, and mayst see how its doctrine can follow my word; [17] and mayst see that your way is distant so far from the divine, as the

14. v. 67. A river of Tuscany, whose waters have a petrifying quality.

15. v. 69. Darkening thy mind as the blood of Pyramus dyed the mulberry.

16. v. 78. If not clearly inscribed, at least so imprinted on the mind, that, like the palm on the returning pilgrim's staff, it may be a sign of where thou hast been and of what thou hast seen.

17. v. 87. How far its doctrine is from my teaching.

heaven which highest hastens on is remote from earth." [18] Whereon I replied to her: "I do not remember that I ever estranged myself from you, nor have I conscience of it that reproaches me." "And if thou canst not remember it," she replied smiling, "now call to mind how this very day thou hast drunk of Lethe; and if from the smoke fire is inferred, this thy forgetfulness clearly proves fault in thy will intent elsewhere.[19] Truly my words shall henceforth be naked so far as it is befitting to uncover them to thy rude sight."

And more flashing, and with slower steps, the sun was holding the circle of the meridian, which appears here or there according to the point of view,[20] when, as he, who goes in advance of people as a guide, halts if he find some strange thing on his track, the seven ladies halted at the edge of a pale shadow, such as beneath green leaves and black boughs the Alp casts over its cold streams. In front of them, it seemed to me I saw Euphrates and Tigris

18. v. 90. "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." *Isaiah* iv. 9.

19. v. 96. The having been obliged to drink of Lethe is the proof that thou hadst sin to be forgotten, and that thy will had turned thee to other things than me.

20. v. 105. Which shifts as seen from one place or another.

issue from one fountain, and, like friends, depart slowly from one another.

"O light, O glory of the human race, what water is this which here pours forth from one source, and from itself divides itself away?" To this prayer answer was made to me: "Pray Matilda[21] that she tell it to thee." And hereupon the beautiful Lady answered, as one who frees himself from blame: "This and other things have been told to him by me; and I am sure that the water of Lethe has not hidden them from him." And Beatrice: "Perhaps a greater care, which oftentimes takes the memory away, has darkened the eyes of his mind. But behold Eunoë,[22] which flows forth yonder, lead him to it, and, as thou art wont, revive his lifeless power." As a gentle soul which makes not excuse, but makes its own will of another's will, soon as by a sign it is outwardly disclosed, even so, when I had been taken by her, the beautiful Lady moved on, and to Statius she said, with manner of a lady, "Come with him."

If I had, Reader, longer space for writing, I

21. v. 119. Here for the first and only time is the beautiful Lady called by name.

22. v. 127. Eunoë, "the memory of good," which its waters restore to the purified soul. See Canto xxviii. 129–131. The poetic conception of this fair stream is exclusively Dante's own.

would in part at least sing of the sweet draught which never would have sated me; but, because all the leaves destined for this second canticle are full, the curb of my art lets me go no farther.

I returned from the most holy wave, reanimate, even as new plants renewed with new foliage, pure and disposed to mount unto the stars.

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